

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1953



A RIVER PAGEANT.

At the

Festive Season it is but natural
to think of the Good Things of Life



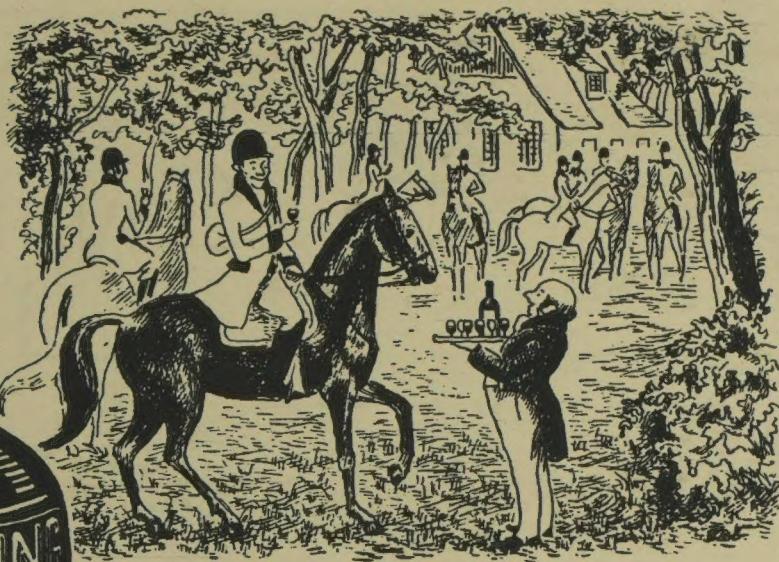
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Evening Wear

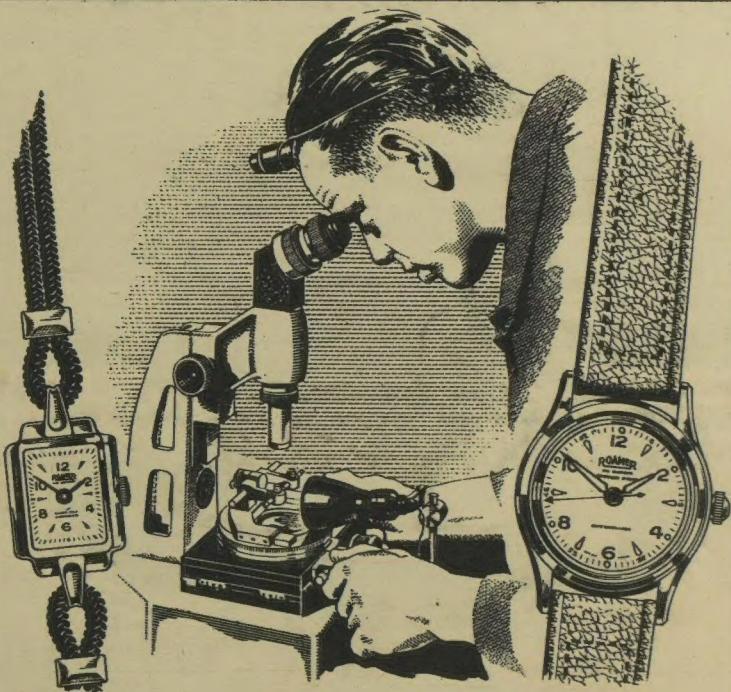


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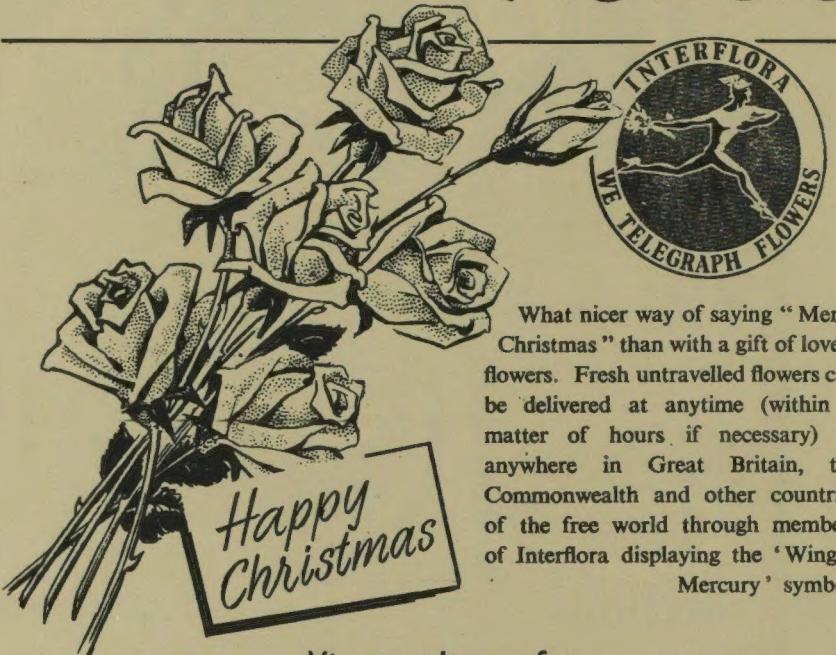
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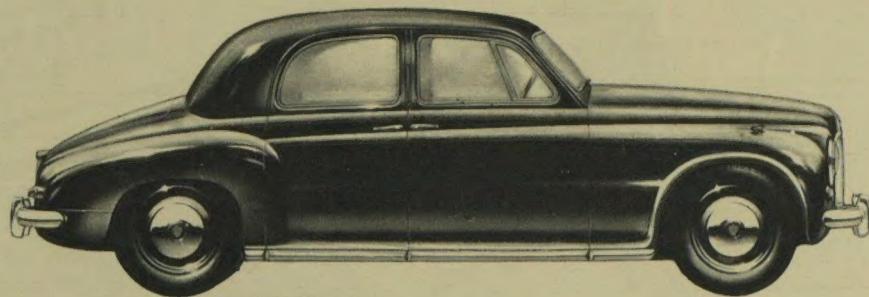
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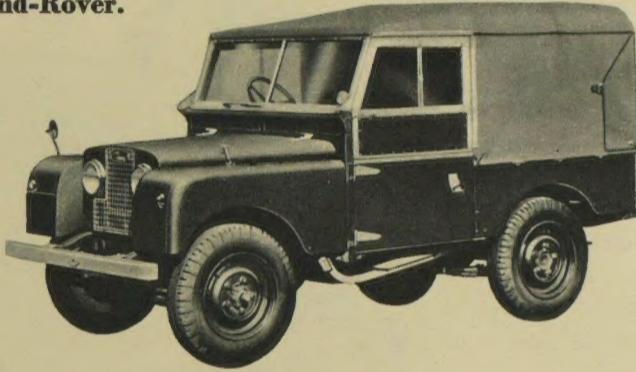
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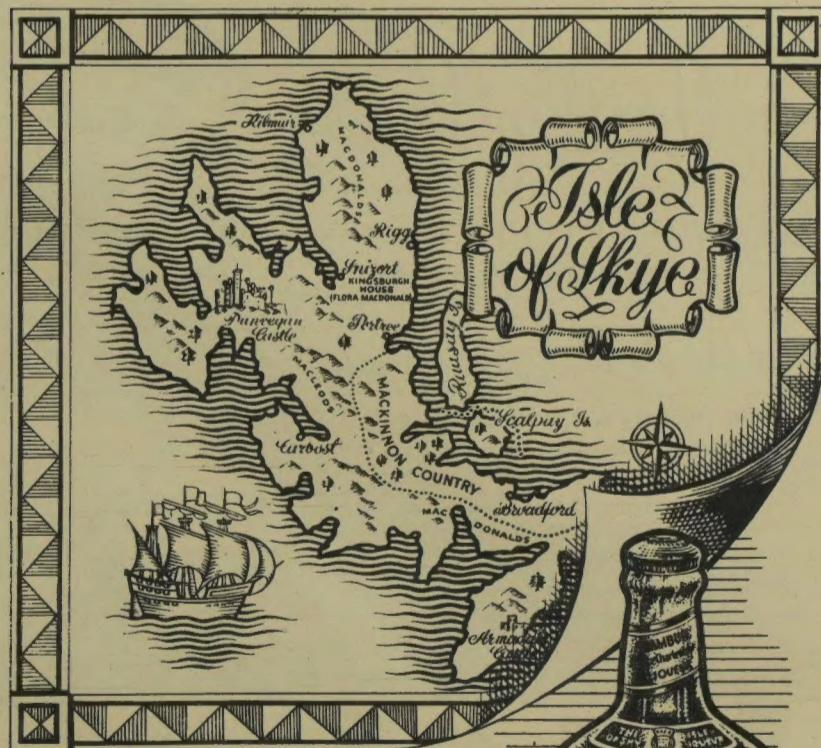


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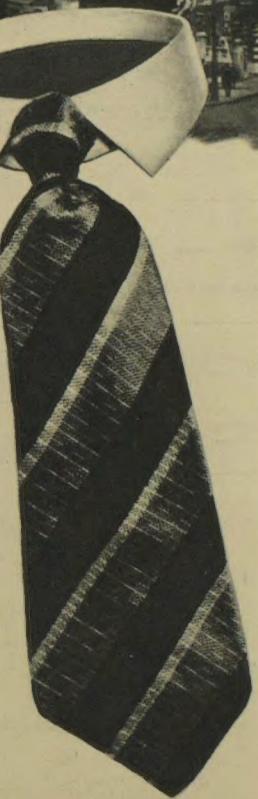
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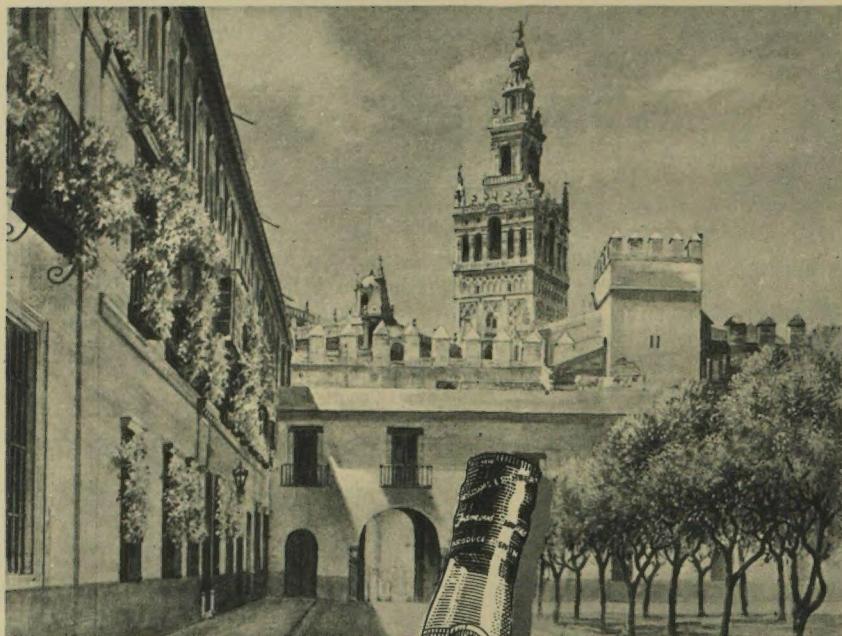
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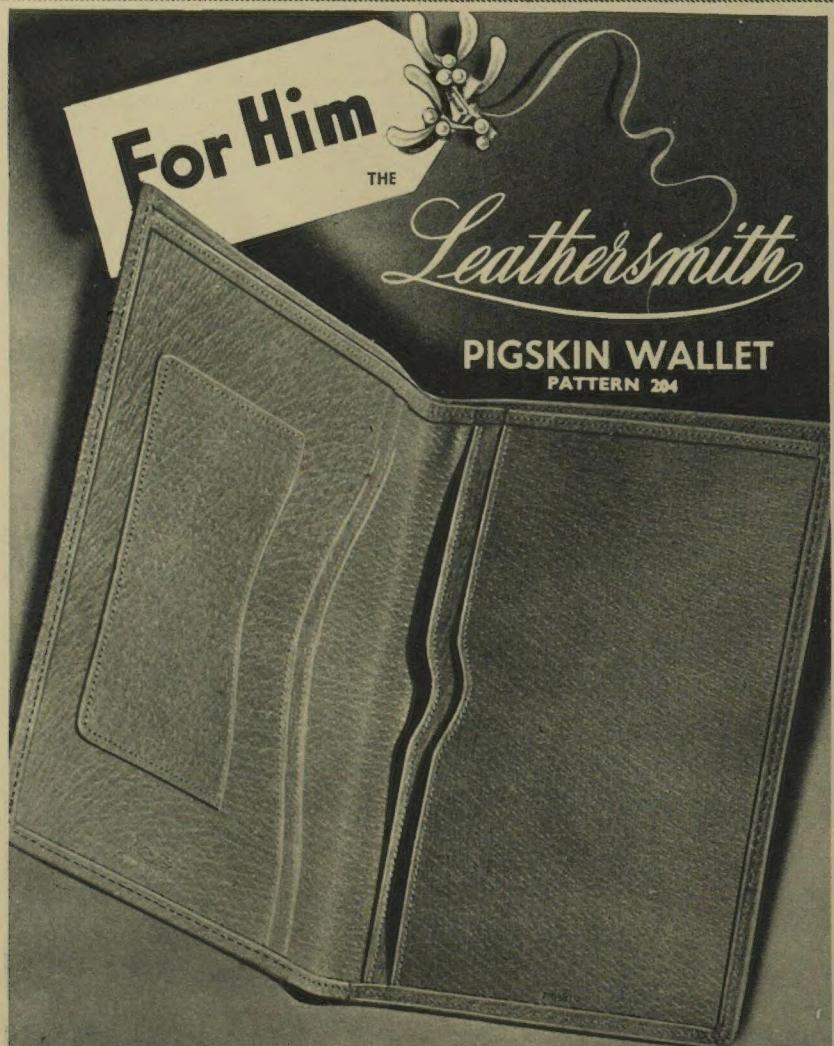


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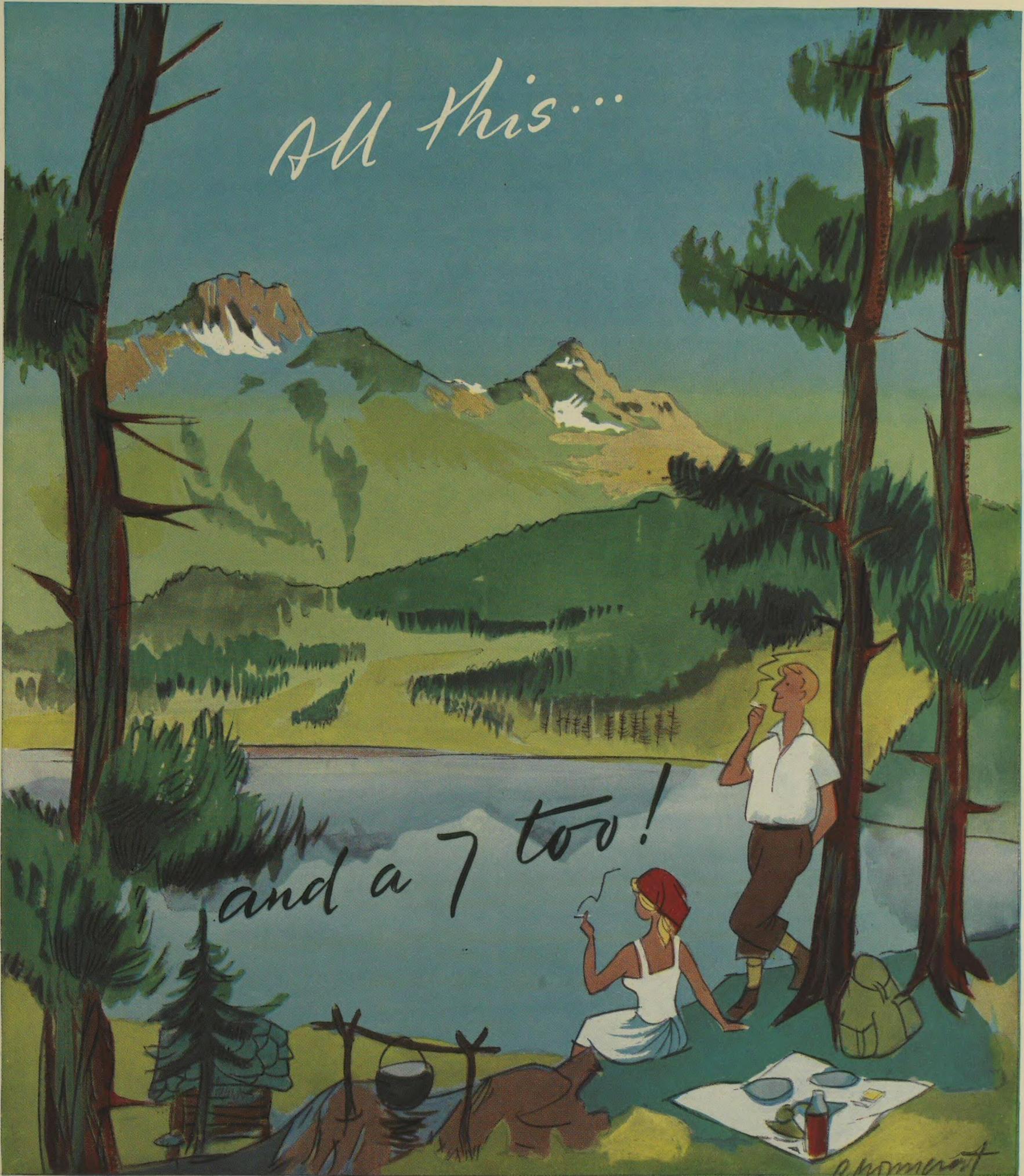
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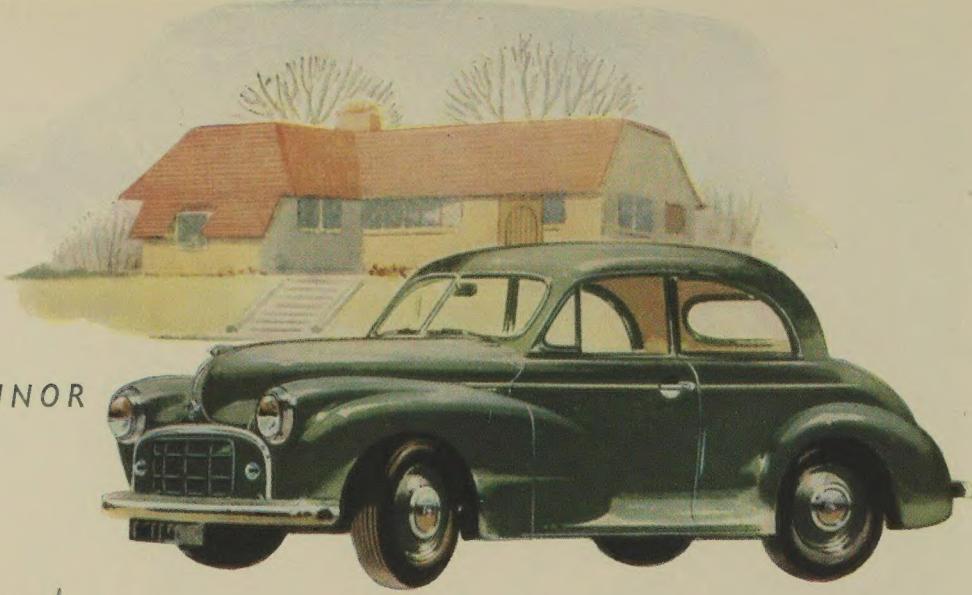
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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The Faerie Queene.

"Mirrour of grace and Majestic divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light

(*The Faerie Queene*: SPENSER.)

Like Phebus lampe throughtout the world doth shine,
Sbed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne."

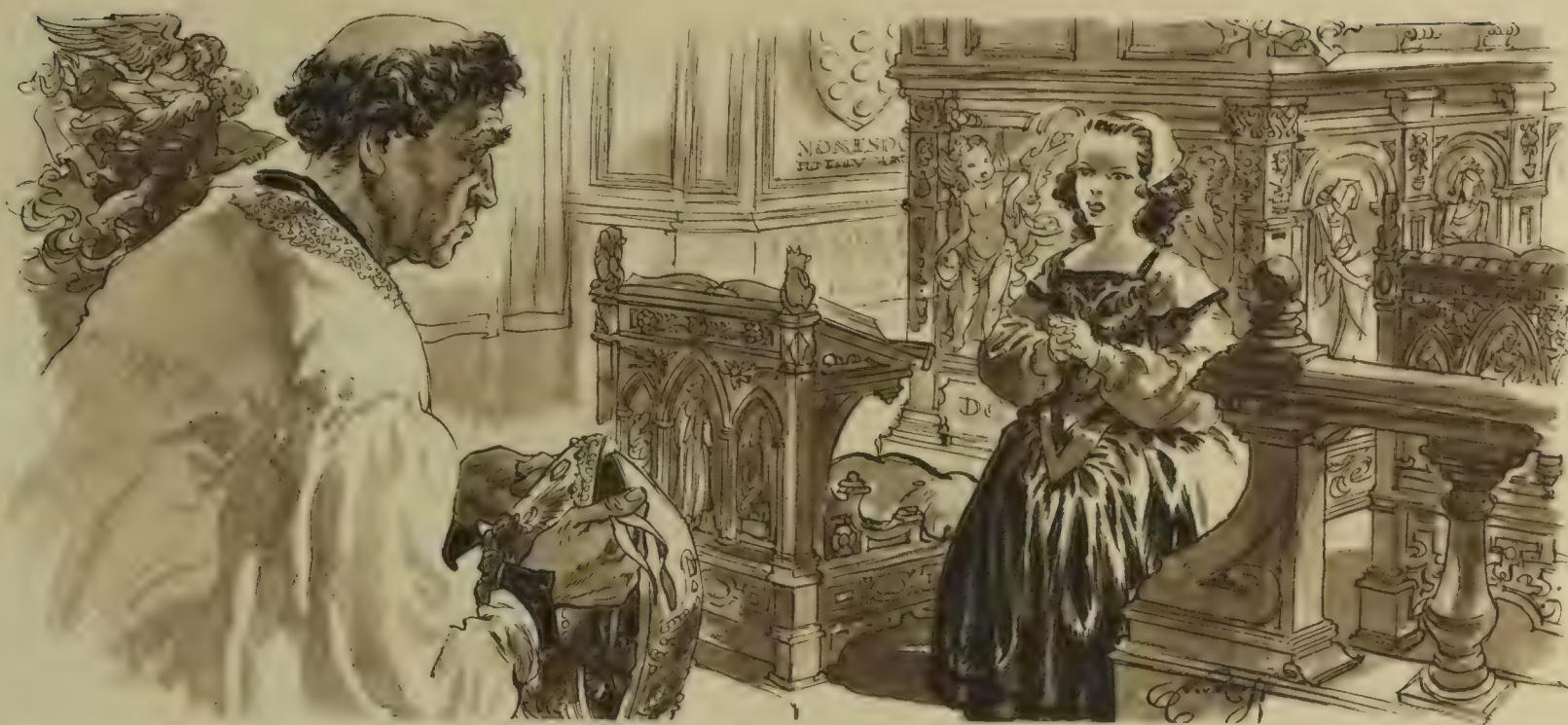


"THE DANCE OF THE ANGELS."

This detail of one of the Fra Angelico paintings in the Museo San Marco, Florence, is one of the most joyous religious pictures in the world. Fra Angelico (1387-1455) not only had a palette of the purest colours, but he had a wonderful and infectious

delight in the settings of nature, in vistas of mountain trees in leaf, and, above all, a delight in flowering lawns, which he knew how to interpret with wonderful insight and sense of poetry as in this lovely "Dance of the Angels."

From a colour print by Alinari of Firenze.



"Prior of Worcester, it is the King's daughter, the Princess of the Marches of Wales, who commands you to put your mitre upon your head!"

TUDOR INFANTA

CONCERNING QUEEN MARY I.

By OLIVER ONIONS, Author of "Poor Man's Tapestry," "Arras of Youth," "A Penny for the Harp," etc., etc.

Illustrated by WILL NICKLESS.

So young as that little Mary Tudor still is, hardly yet five, we see her as sometimes we see the moon's tender sickle in the sky, with the ghostly round to come held aloft in its infant arms. Her name has no adjective yet as, with a stool for her small feet, she sits with her ladies in the horse-litter, as still as if she was having her picture painted in her stiff little coif and her pearls too large for her child's neck. The place they call Worcester is a long way, the prior of its monastery is her father-in-God too, and we know from our own childhood what happens when we ask if we are nearly there. There are smiles, and we are told to rub the sleep from our eyes. All that was a long time ago, and we are in some other place now.

But in another three years she is rising eight. Mounted on a caparisoned pony, she rides attended by the officers of her own household, the bearer of gifts paid for out of her own privy purse, and as she has been there before, she remembers. She remembers the drawbridge and the flagged courtyard and the gilded vanes of the roof. The pony is a Welsh one; a dark-haired stripling with a head like a young Caesar on a coin is holding her stirrup for her to alight, and the Welsh have had their Princes before, but never before their Princess of all-Wales and heir to the throne of England to boot. Through their own Owen Tudor, who danced his way into the Plantagenet widow's lap, they can trace her pedigree back to Cynan himself.

"Roger the son of Edmund the son of Roger again by Gwladys the Black—," but there is a laugh.

"The black, with those willow-palm eyebrows, as fair as catkin-dust they are!"

"It is her father's colouring, and will you tell me a Tudor is not King of England now?"

"By her mother she should have more of Spain in her than of England or Wales—"

"Yet had her uncle lived it is he should have been her father—"

"What of that, when we shall have her speaking Welsh before the summer is out?"

So they discussed their small infanta with the Spanish mother and the English complexion and the Welsh name and her uncle who should have been her father.

But the high hammerbeamed hall has changed. She remembers the painted prelates in their doctors' caps and their beards a cubit long, but now new windows admit the light. Under the music-gallery a new way has been broken through, and a great new freestone chimney-arch is hardly smoke-blackened yet. Above it are the arms of Worcester's priory and see, *argent ten torteaux gules*, and meekly the child crosses her breast, for each of those roundlets signifies the Bread that is the Very Body, and the ten of them together are the Holy Eucharist itself.

But at what followed even the countess-duenna had to turn away to hide her smile. Little Mary Tudor had long since stopped being afraid of that empty space in which she so often stood, waiting for her hand to be kissed. One after another the great gentlemen advanced, scraped low in homage, and with backward obeisances retired again. But this time no name had been spoken, and from the homeliness of the newcomer's clothes he might have been any farmer of his own land, come in by his back door from visiting his stables or seeing whether the cygnets have hatched out yet. But she hears the countess's low whisper. She sees the ring on his finger, and her knees sink of themselves in their little house of gold-stiffened damask. It is she who must kiss that apostolic hand.

So a space about William Moore, Worcester's last prior but one and *sede vacante* its bishop too. "A great possessor" they called him, but his manors had it all back and more in his gifts to their churches. To this he had given its steeple and bells and its altar-tabernacles with the holy images, to that its saint-crowded window, to the other its chasuble and alb, its angel-borne screen or its painted and gilded chapel. But his latest gift has been to himself. It is his new mitre, his fourth and costliest, and he has not worn it yet.

No music sounds from the gallery that day, for it is Lent. In the great hall all sit down to eat together, and as country-clad prior Moore ascends the two steps of the dais he removes his house-cap to show the spiritual authority of his tonsure. Not until the autumn will his small daughter-in-God see her Ludlow schoolroom again. In the Marches she is to spend the summer, now the guest of this grey castle, now of that tapestried hall, and well William Moore knows what is in the hearts of these hand-kissing English and Welsh for whom he keeps open house. Sow in the child's mind the seed that is to grow. Already they are mumbling their beard-politics as their eyes steal to her on the dais, watching her as doctors watch, her health, her appetite, the little things that please her, what brings the crumple to her brow. She has a sweet-tooth? It is noted. That is Latin in which her guardian speaks to her? But soon she will be speaking Welsh—and suddenly Lady Salisbury has to ask a question twice, the watchers are being watched by prior Moore so.

"I asked you, Sir, who celebrates Easter this year?"

"On Friday and Monday, I myself, Madam."

"Friday is the *Tenebrae*. That is a night-service. She must not miss her rest in the afternoon."

"I have my own house in the precincts. Whatever she or your ladies need shall be carried over, Madam," the churchman-host replies, and the talk of the table continues.

But who shall keep company with the mind of a child? Full of its own small affairs the infant voice suddenly rises, fresh and clear as a reed.

"Jane says some of these young Welsh gentlemen are the goodliest dumb creatures ever she saw."

She is not to be checked in public. It is Jane who shall be spoken to presently. But now the little pitcher has more to pour.

"And the monk said that when the loaf is upside-down on the table it means the devil is in the house."

Eyes that met eyes looked furtively away again. Bread is bread, but Holy Mass is not a mealtime, and Lady Salisbury spoke in her gentlest voice.

"The monk?"

"Yes, and he had a little book of gold leaves and a fire-basket, and he was stamping letters on a book."

"Did this monk tell you his name?"

But there was no need for Worcester's prior to ask the name of monk Musard, had over from the monastery whenever a new breviary or book of law was to bind. In Worcester's crypt there was a prison, and there monk Musard should lie till he had been strictly questioned. The Transubstantiation of the Bread was a subject upon which no tongue was permitted to wag.

It was still broad day in the cloister court, but the curtains were drawn in the parlour within the precincts where her Highness the Princess Mary lay. To persuade her to sleep they had undressed her to her smock and

ties the strings under her chin, and no Jane would come near her, because Jane was under displeasure because of the young Welsh gentlemen. They had put hops in her pillow, but she had plenty to think of, because of the hour she had knelt with Lady Salisbury in Worcester's Arthur Chapel, where her mother had knelt before the King had been her father. She could hear the birds in the cloister court. And they would wake her again when it was time for the *Tenebrae*.

* * *

They must have brought her into the Cathedral by some back way, but the inky darkness was becoming less dark now. Dressed all in black, she sat upright in a high carved stall, and the lights hadn't begun to go out yet, for in the Arthur chapel they still glimmered and tapers showed the way to distant shrines. On the altar were six candles. Beyond it the upward-pointing hearse reared its triangle of light, but its wax guttered and swaled, for the air of the church moved like beating wings with the deep, chanting voices of men.

"Dominus illuminatio mea et salus mea—"

But the words rolled away into the roof and lost themselves there, and all she could see of the celebrant was the moving patch of his tonsure, for his vestments too were black. Black as bats her ladies sat in the stalls to right and left of her, and now the extinguishing was beginning, for from shrines and chapels the glimmerings had gone. Suddenly two lights were missing from the hearse-frame, and a raised and solitary voice mounted to the roof as if out of a need greater than all other needs.

Now from the great church some lifeblood seems to be ebbing away, leaving only the walls and pillars and emptiness behind. As two more of the hearse-lights are blown out the crucifix on the altar is hardly to be seen, and soon she will be in a space where nobody advances, all alone with that voice rising in its pain to the roof.

"The grave cannot thank thee, death cannot praise thee—"

All her gentlewomen are on their knees, but the hassock has slipped from her own small feet and they cannot find it again. It is her own grave that is being bewailed so, and with the lights going out like the sparks on the backplate of a hearth how should her shrinking soul not be afraid?

Suddenly she needs the arms of that mother who had knelt in the darkened Arthur chapel down the nave.

A sob of loneliness breaks from her as even the apex-candle is spirited away—

"To guide our feet into the way of peace."

Christus factus est. The church was swallowed up in darkness. But from somewhere she heard Lady Salisbury's voice. . .

"I should not have shown her the chantry on the same day. Tomorrow we will go back to the manor."

* * *

Yet never a jot the worse for it did she seem, back in her own bed again, with its embroidered coverlet of buck and boar and hound to play with. The finger with the pastoral ring followed her own as she named each hound and the hand-kissing gentleman it belonged to. But suddenly prior Moore's hand was without motion on the bed. Again she had spoken as children speak, as the shadow of the bird flits across the pane and is gone.

"Mary Brown says that the cardinal is going to bless it when he comes back from Rome, but Jane says that only abbots may wear their mitres when the bishop is there."

His new mitre was of silver, as much of it as could be seen for its thick incrustation of jewels and gems. Of greater rubies it had five, of stones for its front eighty-six, and its pearls were to be reckoned only by the ounce. But it was the word "cardinal" that had closed like an icy hand on his heart. That afternoon he was to have heard her upon the virginals. So small as she looked in the great carved bed, picking the flowers of its counterpane field, what should she know of that murky business that had taken the cardinal to Rome?

To put away that mother who had married the two brothers and to make a bastard of herself! He answered as he raised the hanging of the doorway.

"The cardinal is the cardinal, little Highness whom I love. The bishop of Worcester lives in his own country of Italy. So if I am Worcester's prior and its bishop too, shall this hand with the ring ask of its fellow whether I may wear my mitre or not?" and the hanging fell behind him.

But now it is William Moore we must see as we see the moon's full silver in the sky, with its faggot set like a birthmark on its face. For the child he could only pray, and the days were not here yet when horses drank from the marble coffins of minsters and the prelate was ripped out with the wainscot and the sexton left with scarce his pick and spade to dig a grave. Freely William Moore had received, freely given. Whole villages lived on what went out of his back door, and shall not a man's own flesh and blood come first? Housed like a lord, his aged father was ending his days. Candles burned perpetually for his mother's soul, of his brother he had made the richest wine-merchant in the Marches, no cousin so distant but he blessed the name of William Moore.

But though the hungry monks must look to the pittancer for their bread, always it was that monastery across the meadows that paid, and to us who turn them over to-day the accounts that William Moore left behind him read more like some steward's day-book than the pious tablets of a churchman. Receipts, outgoings, wages; rents, repairs, the yield of his lands; his spice-bills for the quarter, to a young scholar for preaching his first sermon, to his chaplain for Masses; three more tuns of malmsey from his brother the wine-merchant—a thrifty, methodical, worthy man. But set an accountant to work and a slow-match smoulders.

Possessioner Moore long outlived that tight-lipped, hard-faced Queen who played on her virginals that afternoon while he communed with his soul, pacing his fields alone. So deep into chicane and falsification had he got there was nothing for it but to go on, and now the entries begin to hiss like a snake and to flare like quick-match. Sums for services unspecified,

to a certain go-between for he knows what; rewards that must not be called bribes, politic and dissembled gifts, apparently for a good word in the right quarter; a mnemonic instead of a name, for to name some names might be as much as even the prior of Worcester's life is worth; and suddenly a lump-sum so dwarfing of all the rest that it would burn a hole in the paper were its true nature to be known—

And we know from elsewhere how he avoided treason with the skin of his teeth and died, at the age of eighty, in his bed.

* * *

On the oratory's altar the candles still burn, but the lancet window is grey with dawn. To-morrow will see William Moore in his Easter splendour, but in the chamber-gown in which he has knelt all night he rises slowly from his stiffened knees. If only for an hour he must sleep.

What need had he of another mitre who had three already? In its locked leather case of Spanish leather it stands on the epistle side of the altar, and the key is in the narrow cupboard where he keeps his surplice. Half-asleep already he seems as he gets it, fits it into the lock, and lifts out the mitre by its golden tapes.

After Easter the archbishop will be here on his yearly visitation. He comes in his spiritual capacity, but not so those secretaries of his, with their brokers' eyes and their little books to write their private notes in. Much monastery plate had to be sold to pay for that mitre. Taller than the altar itself it stands with its box for its pedestal, and always the visitation means an inventory and a Valor. With the altar candlelight on his tonsure and the greying lancet behind him William Moore stands long, musing over his vainglorious possession. For a handful of those pearls any woman might make a harlot of herself, the thumb has been chopped off, bleeding, with the ring for the least of those orgulous rubies. Worcester's strong-room will be catalogued, and the safest place would be Rome itself, if there is still time to get it there.

And suddenly in the doorway the child stands.

Nobody has woken her that morning, nobody dressed her. Into her little house of clothes she has got all by herself, tied her own strings, heard the singing of the birds, and come down alone for her morning confession.

But she does not see him standing there in his bed-gown, for it is on the splendour of the mitre that her waking gaze is fixed. Taller than herself it stands, with its leather box and the altar step to raise it, and if she crossed herself before the stone wafers of the chimney-arch what shall she do in the presence of the Passion itself? Those five great rubies are the Very Wounds of Christ. The light of heaven shines on her face, and she waits for no "Oremus." As she dressed herself, so of herself she sinks to her knees, places her small palms together, and with pious tightness shuts her eyes.

There is no sound in the oratory, for in silence he has got into his surplice to confess her. There needs only his low-spoken "Confiteor" for her to lay open her heart for his mediation and intercession. Perhaps she did not hear the quiet prompting word, so without it she begins.

He hears it, but O that he could weep! Though later she should make an archbishop of him can words of his ever bring her nearer to heaven than she is now?

"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa—"

He cannot, cannot do it. Her ladies will be looking for her, he must sleep. Hurriedly he absolves her of he knows not what, and as he rises from his knees his eyes rest for a moment on the mitre. Then, taking it by its tapes, he prepares to lower it into its sarcenet-lined case.

But still on the newly-shriven face that other light lingers. Safely he guided her through the darkness of the *Tenebrae*, now she would see him with his glory upon his head.

"Sir," she begs of him, "put it on."

But divested of his surplice he is in his bed-gown again. She hears the closing of the lid and the turning of the key. The mitre is shut away from her eyes, and the small brow is a perplexity of dismay.

"Why have you put it away? Because the cardinal hasn't blessed it? Because it isn't Easter yet? In the Cathedral will you put it on?"

"I have other mitres to celebrate Easter in. This will go back where it came from, to be broken up."

But the gentlemen who pressed to kiss her hand would not have answered her so. She had been sent to the Marches to learn to be their Princess, and already there is stubbornness on that smooth, eggshell brow that of a sudden she raises.

"Reverend Sir and father-in-God, if you are sending your mitre away it is my desire to see you wear it before it goes!"

And she is on her dignity that he makes no answer. Can it be he has not heard her that she must say it twice? When she is England's Queen shall bishops speak of breaking their mitres up at their pleasure, that are the hallowed ornaments of God? A mere prior, who had his bishop been present would have been wearing no mitre at all? But alas, her ladies dress her more securely than she is yet able to dress herself, and something comes loose as petulantly, imperiously, she stamps the small foot.

"Prior of Worcester, it is the King's daughter, the Princess of the Marches of Wales, who commands you to put your mitre upon your head!" the child of rising eight scolds.

And presently she will be no longer under his authority and ward. From Chepstow to Chester she will pass, from hall to castle and castle to hall, now under this tutelage, now that, and again he sees those place-seeking eyes that watch her as doctors watch, her smiles, her displeasures, her moods that change.

But now William Moore is ahead of them all. He has seen for himself that thin sickle in the sky and the first whetting of its edge. It is Mary Tudor, the grim-lipped Queen-to-be, who has spoken, and as in her infantile dudgeon she passed him by, to be attended to by her women, it may be that he too sighed, that children cannot remain for ever so. [THE END.]



The Lieutenant of the Tower spoke soothingly to her, but Elizabeth would not listen. . . . Let them carry her in if they dared touch a Princess of England, great Harry's daughter . . .

TO BE A QUEEN

CONCERNING QUEEN ELIZABETH I.

By PHILIP LINDSAY, Author of "Here Comes the King," "The Queen's Confession," etc., etc.

Illustrated by S. VAN ABBÉ.

SHE sat on the gritty path, and she wailed. The Lieutenant of the Tower spoke soothingly to her, but Elizabeth would not listen. In that fortress had her mother been imprisoned; on that green her mother had died under the axe. Now they meant to do the same to her, and she was innocent, as her mother, Queen Anne Boleyn, had been innocent. Must she die because her vindictive half-sister, Queen Mary, was jealous of her youth and golden beauty? Let them carry her in if they dared touch a Princess of England, great Harry's daughter . . . she'd never walk to her death . . .

Within the embroidered curtains of her vast bed in the regal apartments of that same Tower of London, the young Queen moaned and tossed under the sheets and blankets; and the maid, sleeping on the truckle-bed at the great bed's foot, sat up uneasily and wondered whether she dared wake the Royal girl. To-day was the day of her crowning and this ill-dreaming might leave her too shaken to undergo the long, elaborate ceremony. Yet the maid feared to move. Even when in the grip of a nightmare Royalty must not be disturbed.

Gradually, the tossings grew slighter and the moaning ceased. A smile lifted the corners of the Queen's mouth and she lay quiet at last. Relieved, the maid lay down again, snuggling under the blankets and hoping for a few hours' sleep before the day began.

Although in her dream, she was still in the dark, dank Tower, her garments damp and heavy from the river mists, Elizabeth smiled. She smiled because in the garden she saw tall Robert Dudley walk not far from her. Queen Mary had forbidden their speaking. That did not matter. Looks were more eloquent than any words; and whether it were sunlight or misty, when they saw each other, he gravely bowed and she curtsied to him, and they were happy, warmed with a feeling that was far stronger than the sympathy of prisoner for prisoner. Every penny he possessed had Robert spent to aid her; he was her loyal subject, her slave, and he had been imprisoned because with his father and brothers he had risen against the Roman rule of Mary. And she had been imprisoned . . . because of lies, lies! There was no reason for

her imprisonment, except that she was young and lovely and Mary was neither, and villains had said that she had plotted against the Queen.

Behind her closed eyes, asleep, Elizabeth lived again those terrifying days under the shadow of the axe. She could smell the stench from the stagnant moat, could hear the groans of prisoners and could see the great walls glisten like oyster-shells in the pallid sunlight; yet in her dreaming she smiled, because she saw again Robert Dudley smile at her from his window. Out of the past, from the caverns of memory, she heard once more the whispering of her women that she would die, must die; and she shivered and wailed, "No, no!", her hands at her throat.

"No!" she sobbed. "No!" And the maid again sat up in her truckle-bed, undecided what to do. To-day, the Queen was to be crowned in the Abbey, and, being Queen, she must be reverenced; yet the maid remembered that she was also a girl, younger than herself, and therefore open to suffering and half-formed longings. Timidly, she crawled from under the blankets and tiptoed to the Royal bed. She did not open the curtains. She peeped between them and was startled to see the Queen, wide-eyed, watching her from out of the shadows.

"What do you want?" asked the Queen.

Too frightened to reply, the girl drew back and let the heavy curtains fall.

"Summon our ladies," said the Queen, her voice muffled by the caging cloth. "The sun is up and we must dress."

Boldly she might speak, but in her mind were fears like cobwebs, the stench of the moat remaining strong in her nostrils and the vision of Tower Green, on which her mother had died, being dark behind her open eyes.

Not until she had heard her Ladies-in-Waiting rustle in did she stir, and when the curtains were opened she looked into their inquiring faces placidly, expressionlessly, as though, being now Queen of England, nothing could ever frighten her again, not even dreams from the past.

Out of the bed, from under the milky sheets, her ladies lifted her, a girl with slim body scarcely shaped yet to womanhood, although a



She was not beautiful—she was not fool enough to believe that, for all her courtiers' flattery—but, what was more important for a woman, she was desirable.

Queen and a woman two months over twenty-five years of age. They sat her on a cushioned stool while warm, perfumed water, sweet herbs floating in it, was brought in a basin and she was sponged clean of the sweat of her dream's terror.

While the night-rail was drawn over her head and the clean shift pulled down in its place to conceal the Royal nakedness, she did not stir. No light glimmered in her eyes and her limbs were lax as though the joints were loose. And her women grew worried, it being their task to make her beautiful and queenlike. She would have to smile at the people on her way to the Abbey; she would have to suffer the weight of the jewelled Crown and the thick robes during the long ceremony; yet she was lifeless, heavy-limbed, leaden-eyed. While they washed and painted and perfumed her, combing the long, red, rustling hair, her mind was still within the shadows of the Tower, dulled with cold fear, lit only by the memory of Dudley's smile.

Gently, as though she were fragile, they drew the clothes down over her head: thin shift, thicker kirtle; then they unrolled the stockings up her legs, to be gartered with golden tape, and they slipped silver shoes on her tiny feet. Now the waistcoat of scarlet damask richly embroidered, and over that the under-bodice, opening to show the waistcoat, stiff with busks of whalebone to hold in the stomach and push up the bosom. Next, the petticoat, heavy with embroidery, and the huge farthingale held far from the limbs on graduated hoops of whalebone. Lastly, the gown itself, so crusted with jewels that it could stand up by itself, a woman without head or torso, an inanimate crust of beauty waiting for life to step within it.

From the wardrobe the ladies scurried, curtseying when they offered each garment and not daring to speak while they concentrated on changing a young and lovely woman into a Queen who had the power of death in her fingers. They painted the youth from her skin and they frizzed her hair; and all the time Elizabeth did not speak. Then as they set her before the mirror that she might watch their skill, slowly her eyes widened, the pupils seeming to expand while she stared at her own image, critically noting high cheekbones, bright, dark eyes and thinning mouth which she must try to pucker to a rosebud shape.

She was not beautiful—she was not fool enough to believe that, for all her courtiers' flattery—but, what was more important for a woman, she was desirable. For love of her, the great Lord Admiral, Thomas Seymour, had had his dear head lopped on Tower Hill, and Dudley had looked most amorously upon her. Vital she was and swift and sensuous in her movements, drawing men's glances with her quick steps and her sidelong watching while she passed, the vast farthingale swinging from her hips like a huge flower-petal enclosing her slender legs.

Suddenly, she smiled into the glass. Robert Dudley was waiting for her. Robert Dudley would ride with her to Westminster, away from this dark Tower that had once shadowed them both with the threat of

the axe. Now that she was Queen and could do what she liked she would have him always near her.

Startled out of her dreams, she half-rose when she heard the door opening, then sank back into her chair when she heard the gentleman usher announce that her favourite Minister, William Cecil, wished audience with her alone.

Alone? She wondered: why?

She sat very still, for some inexplicable reason feeling afraid, although there was nothing for her to fear. Yet this unexpected arrival of a man who did not trifle with trivial things set her heart beating fast. His mission must be of importance, some State matter; but yesterday she had dealt with everything.

Nothing of her perplexity showed on her face when she dismissed her ladies and remained seated, staring at her own round-eyed image, her hand still holding the comb which one of her women had laid down. In the glass she saw the door open and grave, long-faced Cecil enter and bow low, but she did not turn.

"Well, Sir," she said, watching her own lips move, "why do you interrupt me at this hour?"

"Your Grace," said he in his solemn manner, "this, I agree, is a most solemn hour, an hour of devotion, of prayer, before you are anointed Queen of England and made holy by the sacred chrism for your great task—"

"Come, come," said she, tapping the comb on the table, "we like honest talk, my lord. You should know that. Why have you interrupted us at this hour?"

For a moment Cecil remained silent, then very quietly he said: "To talk about your future consort, your Grace."

A blush tingled in her cheeks and she turned from the mirror that she might hide her smiling while, with an assumption of indifference, she murmured: "Our husband? Whom can you mean, Sir?" but her heart beat fast at the thought of Robert Dudley.

"I fear, your Grace, that the choice is limited," he said, staring at the rushes and herbs on the floor. "There is, of course, Philip of Spain—"

"What!" She swung round to glare at him, chin up. "My sister's widower?" she cried.

"You were friendly when he was here—"

"Because he was my shield against my sister. I'll have no more talk of that! Philip, indeed! O, foh!" she said, and wriggled on her chair.

"I did not intend your Grace seriously to consider such a consort," he said humbly. "The people would not have another Papist ruler. For that reason, I fear your choice is small. In truth, it is reduced to two—to the Scottish Earl of Arran and to Prince Eric of Sweden."

She grimaced at her image in the glass, again turning her indignant back on Cecil, and her heart seemed heavy, making her feel tired and old.

"No," she whispered to her mirror, "no. Rather would I remain a virgin queen until God took me. Never, my lord." Then suddenly, bright-eyed, she turned and smiled at him. "If my choice be so limited," she said, "and my people will have no Papist, why should I not marry an Englishman?"

Sadly, he shook his head. "That would be resented," he said, "more than a Papist consort. The English are a proud-stomached people and are quick to fight. They have deposed or executed many kings whom they believed not worthy to rule over them. Not that they could ever feel that about your Majesty, of course . . . but to lift one no better than themselves, an ordinary mortal, to share your throne . . . they would not tolerate it, your Grace, they would not. The nobles would clamour out of envy and the common folk would hate the rule of one not born a prince. You must not think of such a thing. This throne was hardly won and must be hardly held. You are young—if you will forgive my saying so—and are new to ruling, but you are quick to learn and you must understand what I say. You cannot marry a subject."

Abruptly, almost knocking over the chair, Elizabeth stood to her feet and walked away, not wishing him to see that there were tears in her eyes and that her lower lip was trembling. Statesmen like Cecil had no heart; they dealt, not with men and women, creatures of love and hate and fears and longings, but with pawns on the great checker-board of diplomacy; and if he had his way, this man would bed her with some foreign prince, old, perhaps, or deformed, diseased or villainous, and would rub his cold hands together at the cleverness of his plotting, while she . . . she would lie, naked and helpless, with someone she might loathe.

Looking through the window, she saw her courtiers with her ladies in the garden. All were dressed in their richest garments, jewels flaring in the pale sunlight, the snow having ceased to fall, and women were laughing or giggling at men's whispering. A happy throng, they moved amongst the shrubberies, themselves as bright, as beautiful as flowers, and there a man's hand sought a woman's, clasped it, squeezed it, then let it fall; and there a girl pinned a favour in the cap of the gentleman who knelt before her; and behind that tree a couple remained hidden, only his sword showing and the flow of her gown on the other side of the concealing trunk. There were many lovers down there, defiant of the cold. A man sat on the wall, strumming a lute and singing a song of kissing-time, and a girl leaned before him singing softly to herself or to him. They were happy, man and woman, husband and wife, happy because they loved.

This was a world of sensuous delight that she, being Queen, must never enter. Elizabeth sighed, then gripped the curtain lest she fall while, blinking the tears away, she saw Robert Dudley turn around the corner of the Tower into the garden. Tears could not blur the truth of what she saw. Close to the thick diamond-panes of glass she pressed, her nose

[Continued on page 19.]



THE FLOWERS OF HOLY WRIT AND APOCRYPHA: FROM LILIES TO MANDRAGORA, FROM MYRRH TO FRANKINCENSE.

These pictures of the plants of the Holy Scriptures (reproduced above and on the following pages) are drawn from life or, where this was impracticable, from pressed specimens. They are authentic in the light of modern translation—although about the identity of some there is still dispute—and the names in the English version should not be taken too literally. For example, the word "rose" is mentioned, and this word gives its name to several plants. One rose only can grow in the Holy Land, yet five different flowers carry the name. Oaks are many, yet it takes a botanist to classify them according to the location of each Bible story. Three lilies are mentioned, including the lily of the field (1) which is not a lily at all but an anemone. The tall orange lily (2) (Song of Solomon, v., 13) had shelter in the king's garden. Thorns appear in the text many times and indicate many types of prickly shrubs, one of which grows as a climber (3) (Matt., vii., 16). Frankincense (4) reaches the height

of a tree (Solomon, iii., 6), and its gum yields the finest incense. Rushes (5) rise at the brink of the inland seas (Job, viii., 11); for embalming, aloes (6) were transported from Socotra (John, xix., 39). The ivy of the "golden poet" variety (7) is hardy enough to withstand heat and drought (Maccabees, vi., 7). Flax (8) was woven as linen (Prov., xxxi., 13 and 24). The anise or dill (9) bore a tithe (Matt., xxviii., 23) for taxes. The opium poppy (10) gave the gall (Matt., xxvii., 34); and the wood of the shittah tree (11) provided the Ark of the Covenant (Ex., xxv., 10). The hemlock (12) grew in the ploughed fields (Hosea, x., 4), and the cockle (13) was a pest in wheat fields (Job, xxxi., 40), and the mandrake (14) flourished in pastures (Gen., xxx., 14). The turpentine tree (15) (Ecclesiasticus, xviv., 16) is an aromatic, and other perfumes derive from the aspalathus (16) (of the same reference), and the myrrh (17) (Matt., ii., 11) which the Three Kings of the East brought to Bethlehem.



**"LILY WORK" OF THE TEMPLE, DEAD SEA FRUIT AND BITTER HERBS:
HERBS, FRUIT AND FLOWERS OF HOLY WRIT.**

Wormwood, one of several species of *Artemisia* (1), is the type-plant for bitterness (Jeremiah, xxiii., 15). The nettle (Job, xxx., 7) is not the plant usually so called, but is the acanthus (2), a sharp, prickly plant which grows all along the Mediterranean coasts. Bulrushes (3) still grow along the edges of the lakes as in the days of Moses (Ex., ii., 3). Myrtle trees (4), to which there are several references in the Prophets, reach a height of 25 ft. and are beautiful with snowy-white blossoms with pale-gold anthers. The almond (5) is one of the first fruit trees to blossom and it yields its nuts in due season (Jer., i., 11). Another "rose"—the oleander (6)—grows at the brink of the water (Ecclesiasticus, xxxix., 13). The buds of the caper (7) encouraged the jaded appetite in the days of discouragement (Ecclesiastes,

xii., 5). The shrub which is acknowledged to be the true Crown of Thorns (8) (Matt., xxvii., 29) is still found in the Holy Land. Bitter herbs, dandelion (9) and chicory (10) were eaten with the Passover (Numbers, ix., 11). The Valonea oak (*Quercus coryliops*), a fine tree with large acorns (11), is the one linked with the reference in Isaiah, xliv., 14. The carving of the chapters on the Temple (1. Kings, vii., 19) were of lily work, based on the water-lily, *Nymphaea lotus* or *N. caerulea* (12). Jonah's gourd (13) was intensely bitter, but covered him from the heat of the sun (Jonah, iv., 6). The balm of Gilead (14) was used for its fragrance and healing qualities and was added to the oil of anointing. Another Palestine thorn is the butcher's broom (15), which is referred to in Ezekiel, ii., 6 and xxviii., 24.



FRUITS OF THE HOLY LAND, WILD AND CULTIVATED—FROM THE BIBLE STORY: FIGS, VINES, POMEGRANATES AND OTHERS.

Fruit glows with colour in the Holy Land. The purple fig (1) is luscious and juicy and a sign of peace and prosperity (Prov., xxvii., 18). The wild grape abounds (2), though looked upon with scorn, being bitter to the palate (Isaiah, v., 2). Mulberries (3) are at their best in this, the land of their origin (Luke, xvii., 6). The apricot (4) has now been accepted as the fruit meant by "apple," the latter being scarce and poor (Judges, xxv., 11). Olives (5) were abundant (Deut., xxviii., 40) and were grown in gardens. The pomegranate (6) grew into a tree and was much prized for its refreshing juices (I. Samuel, xiv., 2). Husks (7), the fruit of the carob or locust tree, are fruits of the countryside, and contain much sugar (Luke, xv., 16). The vine (8) is one of the oldest cultivated plants on earth, and is quoted

as a pledge of happiness and plenty (Judges, ix., 12-3). The date-palm tree (9) was valuable for its fruit and for the leaves which were woven into various articles (II. Chron., xxviii., 15). Pistachio nuts (10) were much used in confections (Gen., xliii., 11), the tree *Pistacia vera* being both native to Palestine and cultivated there and also, especially, in Syria. The bramble (11), being thorny and rambling, prospered in Palestine and, in the parable of Jotham (Judges, ix., 7-16), was invited by the trees to be their king. The "sycomore fruit" of Amos, vii., 14 and elsewhere is the sycomore fig (12), or fig mulberry, a fruit cheaper than and inferior to the common fig, but popular on account of its sweetness and supplying a durable soft, porous wood, much used in Egypt for mummy cases.



FRUIT AND FLOWERS OF THE HOLY LAND: THE "BURNING BUSH," THE SAFFRON, MANNA, STORAX AND SPIKENARD.

The mustard (1), an annual herb in England, in parts of Palestine grows to a height of 10-15 ft. and forms a woody stem (Mark, iv., 31-2). A beautiful perfume is emitted by the snowdrop-like stacte (2) or storax (*Styrax officinalis*), and it was used to scent the holy oil (Ex., xxx., 34). Thistles (3) grow rank and tall (Hosea, x., 8), and cummin (4) yields seeds used in cookery, the seeds being beaten from the stalks by a rod (Isaiah, xxviii., 27). The blue love-in-a-mist, or fitch (5), was sown for its seeds (*Ibid.*). Rue (6) is to this day used as a fumigant (Luke, xi., 42). Manna from heaven fell in the form of coriander seed (7) and was white in colour (Ex., xvi., 31). The rain of spring brought to life many flowers with bulbous roots, the "rose of the desert," *Narcissus tazetta* (8) being one. Spikenard (9), a short-lived perennial, gave a most tender fragrance (Mark, xiv., 3), was carried from the

Far East by camels, and was in consequence costly. The dove's dung (an ornithogallum) (10) has an underground root and was eaten in time of famine (II. Kings, xxv.). Mint (11) (Matt., xxiii., 23) was taxed. The "burning bush" (Ex., iii., 2) appeared so since it was covered with a parasitic plant, a red-berried loranthus or mistletoe (12). The saffron crocus (13) was a favourite with King Solomon and grew in his garden with precious herbs. The vine of Sodom (14) bears a fruit which is deceptive in appearance and turns to ashes when the rind is broken. A strange plant known as the "rolling thing" (Isaiah xvii., 13) and also the "Rose of Jericho" (15), was at one time a favourite nurseryman's novelty. It grows in the desert until the heat dries it up, when it becomes detached from its roots and is blown along by the wind until conditions are favourable for its re-rooting.

TO BE A QUEEN—Continued from page 14.]

squeezed almost flat, while she strove to recognise the woman at his side, this creature into whose hair he whispered and whose ungloved hand he fondled.

Who was this sly slut who coyly lowered her head yet grinned like a cat at milk, pretending not to understand the sweet lies that he, the rogue, was saying to her? Robert Dudley with another woman! What woman? Elizabeth, to her rage, could not recognise the creature, only she saw the brilliance of her gold-embroidered yellow gown, a gown worthy of a queen; and with a great effort she managed to restrain herself from calling to Cecil to ask the wanton's name. She had to remember—ah! that was difficult!—that she was now Queen of England and must pretend to be above human failings, above even love and jealousy.

"Master Cecil," she said, swinging swiftly round, "I will remember this lesson you have taught me; although, God save me, I am a weak woman, I pray I have the stomach of a man and can act bravely when the occasion calls. Summon our court, it is time we departed. . . ."

After bowing low and leaning on his staff of office, Cecil had left her. Elizabeth sank into a chair and sobbed, fighting to restrain her tears. She was a Queen, great Harry's daughter, and must never weep. Yet to see Dudley with that wagtail, smiling on her painted face and whispering into her dyed hair and fondling her thin hand. . . . That was too much for her to bear when she must bite her tongue and put aside all hopes of love and marital happiness, must know only the torment of watching others, of seeing Dudley with other women. . . . O! dear God, she did not want the crown! This sacrifice was too great. . . .

Yet when Cecil returned and the door was flung open on the antechamber there showed no glint of tears on her lashes. With brave eyes and erect little body she stood, then walked languidly forward, Cecil at her heels.

Low bowed the courtiers, falling on one knee; low dipped the ladies in their whaleboned skirts. And there knelt the traitor, Dudley, looking up at her as though the dog were her master, even smirking a little! While at his side . . . yes, the creature in the gown of yellow cloth-of-gold. Her dark head lowered, her skirt taut over the farthingale, to fall in thick folds to her hidden feet, she bent down, and Elizabeth saw the quick rise and fall of her chest under the ruff; and the veins on her breast, she noticed with scorn, had been delicately painted with violet paint.

Deliberately to torment the woman, Elizabeth paused, unspeaking, exulting to note the wanton's fears, the agitation betrayed in her sharp breathing and the whitening of her cheeks beneath the rouge and the blinking of her sooted lashes. Slowly, the smirk left Dudley's lips and an apprehensive glint showed from under his lowered eyelids.

It seemed that all held their breath, like soldiers before battle, awaiting the attack. Oppressive grew the silence, broken only by heavy breathing and the creak of a farthingale when a woman moved and the rustle of wind under the tapestries on their tenterhooks.

For over a minute Elizabeth stood, staring down at the terrified girl, then at last, in a harsh voice, she said:

"Wench, that gown is too rich for a maid of honour"—and insultingly she lingered over the word "honour"—"Take it to our wardrobe. Of us two, we are the taller, and what would be too short for your Queen is not fit wearing for a subject."

The girl seemed to sink down within her gown. She did not dare look up, she did not dare to answer. Lower she curtsied and she licked her painted lips. With scornful triumph, Elizabeth turned from her to Dudley.

He, too, did not dare look up, but by the colour of his cheeks she knew that he was furious and that he longed to speak as man to woman, even perhaps to beat her; but she was Queen, and he therefore was her slave who must bite his tongue lest it blab treason.

Satisfied with her triumph, she swirled her skirts and strode on, the ladies and gentlemen rising slowly after she had passed. Furiously, yet timidly, Dudley looked into the eyes of the lady in the yellow gown and he saw that she was weeping, then he hurried from her after his Queen. . . .

The shouting well-nigh deafened Elizabeth when her litter, trimmed with gold brocade that brushed the ground, and borne by two strong mules, passed from the Tower into the City. Caps were tossed high and girls and women, weeping with excitement, strewed flowers on to the cobbles while she passed. From every window hung tapestries and painted cloths, and people leaned over the sills, blowing kisses, bellowing their loyalty, raising cups of wine from which to drink to her great future.

As she looked into their happy faces, anger and jealousy lifted from the heart of Elizabeth. She even managed to smile and to bow, forgetting for the moment the sacrifice of love that she had to make for these, her people, the people of England.

After all, there were compensations in being a Queen. An extra inch or two to that gown's hem . . . a little more slashing on the sleeves to show the velvet. . . . Dudley then would see who was the more beautiful. . . .

"God bless great Harry's daughter! God save Elizabeth!" the people roared behind the halberdiers holding them back. "God bless Elizabeth!"

Merrily now could she smile, bowing to the acclamation. And when she bowed and smiled, the people cheered the louder, seeing her so merry and gracious. She scarcely heard them, her thought being on that gown and how she would have it altered and how, when Dudley saw her dressed in it . . . ah! when Dudley saw her dressed in it! that chit would quickly be forgotten. . . .

"God save the Queen! God save Elizabeth!"

Graciously she bowed to right and left, looking so kind and beautiful, seated, with her red-gold hair, on her way to her crowning. [THE END.]



"Wench, that gown is too rich for a maid of honour"—and insultingly she lingered over the word "honour"—"Take it to our wardrobe."

LADY MARY COMES OF AGE

CONCERNING QUEEN ANNE.

By NEIL BELL,

Author of "The Secret Life of Miss Lottinger," "Three Pair of Heels," "Custody of the Child," etc. Illustrated

By GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

Twas Monday afternoon, September 11, 1709. Queen Anne was forty-four and had been on the throne seven years. Her Consort, Prince George of Denmark, had been dead a year and there were no surviving children.

Lady Mary Seton sat at an open window in her aunt's large house in fashionable St. James's. She had just read for the dozenth time a letter she had received the previous day from her betrothed, Colonel Richard Alvaney, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who was serving with the Duke of Marlborough in Flanders.

As she sat there, looking out over the trees of the Park, the letter in her lap, she was not, for the moment, thinking of Dick Alvaney; or of her twenty-first birthday that Tuesday, for which her aunt, Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, was giving a ball, which her Majesty had promised to attend. Her thoughts were busy with the amazing change that had come over her life in less than two years.

Lady Mary was the youngest child, and only daughter, of the Earl and Countess of Beverley, whose seat was The Towers, near Axminster. The title was an old one, but the estate was now small and impoverished, the reckless gambling of the previous Earl having brought the family near to destitution.

Lady Mary had lived all her life until she was nineteen at The Towers with her parents. They lived very simply, on a scale which many of the prosperous Devon farmers would have despised, and there was much cheeseparing and a constant atmosphere of bickering and argument about the mounting cost of living. Her life had been as unvaried and monotonous as that of a sheep in a field; its only highlights a brief visit to London, when she was twelve; and occasional weeks spent in Bath, when the Earl went to take the waters.

And then came Christmas 1707, heralded early in the month by a letter to her mother from an aunt she had never heard of: Abigail Hill, just married to the wealthy Samuel Masham, a groom of the bedchamber to the Prince Consort.

Aunt Abigail, a distant relative of the Countess by marriage, said she was coming to stay for three weeks; would arrive about the middle of the month; and was not bringing her husband, as Prince George could not then spare him.

But it was not until Christmas Eve that Aunt Abigail had arrived, having taken a week on the way owing to the state of the roads. She was not a young woman, being in her late thirties, and she had nothing in the way of looks to commend her at first sight, being tall and thin, with a plain, pale face and a large, red nose, made the redder by the cold. Lady Mary, whose fresh young beauty was presently to startle and excite the Court, thought her, on her introduction, an old fright and wondered why any man should have wanted to marry her. But her wonder did not last long. Within twenty-four hours Abigail Masham's charm had won the hearts of everyone at The Towers, and Lady Mary was utterly captivated. Aunt Abigail blew through the stuffy grey atmosphere of The Towers like a fresh sea breeze. She radiated gaiety and good-humour and vitality. She had a witty tongue, a fund of stories, and an infectious laugh that was irresistible.

Lady Mary took her out over the fields for a walk on one of the few fine mornings of her visit; and for once Aunt Abigail seemed content to listen, except for an occasional probing question. And there was little to listen to of any interest, for Lady Mary was telling her of the daily simple round of life at The Towers. And then, as they turned for home, Aunt Abigail had said something which was to change the world for Lady Mary. She had said: "And are you content to waste your beauty on this desert air?"

"What else can I do?" Lady Mary had said.



The Queen said to him angrily: "Why did you not bring these to me at once?" "They were addressed to Lord Godolphin, your Majesty." "Lord Godolphin is my Lord Treasurer," the Queen snapped: "I am England!"

"Pooh! rubbish!" Aunt Abigail had replied; "people can do anything if they really want to. If you don't like your life you can change it. Anyone can do that. It's just a matter of gumption. And courage."

"If only I could."

"Then come back to London with me."

"Oh, do you mean that, Aunt Abigail?"

"I never say a thing if I don't mean it. Well?"

"Mother would never let me."

"She will."

"I'm sure father wouldn't."

"He will."

And they did. And that was how it had all begun. Even now, it still had something about it of the magic of a fairy-tale. A week later Aunt Abigail had whisked her off to London for an indefinite stay; had presented her to Queen Anne (who had been greatly taken by her); and had given a ball for her. It was her first real ball. All the fashionable world and his wife were there, for not only was everyone anxious to be on friendly terms with the Queen's favourite, but there was the most intense and excited eagerness to see the young rose of Devon, with whose loveliness rumour had for days been busy in the clubs and drawing-rooms and boudoirs of St. James's, Piccadilly, and the Strand.

The ball had been a triumph for Lady Mary: a night that only the very few ever achieve except in daydreams. Among all the beautiful women there she took the eye and held it, perhaps because her loveliness, the rich corn-coloured hair, the blue eyes, the cream-and-rose of her complexion, and the red lips, owed nothing to art. The men of fashion clustered about her: the young, the middle-aged, the old. They begged for a dance; they paid homage to her beauty with graceful gestures and flattering words. They asked to be allowed to call. Some, the younger and bolder and more handsome, pleaded for an assignation. And as if all this were not enough to brim over her cup of happiness that night, there came to her and asked for the honour of a dance, and then a second, Captain Richard Alvaney, who had the previous year made a great name for himself by his reckless gallantry at the Battle of Ramillies, and who was the handsomest, wealthiest and most eligible young bachelor in Society.

And as they had sat out that second dance and she listened to his gay talk and shot him an occasional side-glance, half-wondering if all this were not some wonderful and incredible dream from which she would presently waken, he had stopped talking and turned to her, smiling into her eyes. And then he had said: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

She had laughed and said: "I don't know. Perhaps."

And then he had said, and now he was no longer smiling and his voice was very quiet: "I love you."

She was glad that young Sir Harry Vane had come up then to claim her for a dance, for those three words, spoken so gravely, so quietly, and



And when he had ridden away she went up to her room and locked the door and lay down upon the bed, praying silently for his safety, wishing she could find relief in tears as so many women seemed able to do.

so utterly unexpectedly, had so disturbed and moved her that she could think of nothing to say.

She would not dance with him again, not because she wished to tease or wound him, but because she was still shaken by that astonishing declaration and wanted to be away from his most troubling presence in order to be able to think calmly and coherently. But she had, at the end of the ball, given him permission to call on her the next day.

It had not been until six months later that they had become betrothed. He had come to London from Flanders carrying despatches from the Duke of Marlborough with the news of the victory of Oudenarde. Having a month's leave and being passionately in love, he had urged her to marry him before he went back; but much as the prospect enticed her, she had reluctantly put the thought away and begged him to wait a little longer. She had not told him what was in her heart: that she dreaded the idea of his having to leave her after the marriage and return to the perils of the campaign in the Low Countries, now with every engagement becoming more desperate and bloody. She dared not voice this at all, for she was a soldier's daughter, and all the Beverleys had been soldiers for hundreds of years; and she knew only too well what would have been said. So she declared she was not ready to be married yet and with smiling lips and aching heart bade him God speed and a quick and safe return when he left again for France. And when he had ridden away she went up to her room and locked the door and lay down upon the bed, praying silently for his safety, wishing she could find relief in tears as so many women seemed able to do.

And now, on this soft, warm, September afternoon, she sat with his letter in her lap, thinking over all these things. Presently she picked up the letter again, glancing quickly round as if she feared someone would see her and laugh, kissed it again and again; and then read it through once more. It ran:

Before I sat down to write this letter I took out yours which you wrote to me from Kensington only three weeks ago, and I read it over and over, this dear, dear letter whose words will remain in my heart till I am dead and perhaps afterwards, for may there not be love and joy and happiness beyond the grave. I cannot tell you how happy that letter made me. It transported me away from these dismal scenes of bloodshed and boredom and monotony and discomfort into heaven itself. My Dearest Heart, do not worry about my safety. Only love me as you do and no hurt can come near me. Indeed, such love as yours preserves my life, for knowing it is no longer mine only but yours, I am no more the reckless young fool who covered himself with glory at Ramillies (how tired I am of glory—the very word now makes me laugh, as it does all old soldiers), but a prudent old campaigner who does, I hope, his duty to his Queen and his country and yet endeavours with all his might and main to keep his skin whole.

I think the war draws to an end. One more battle should finish it. There will be one more. I will not attempt to hide that from you. Even as you read this it may be raging. The French are still strong and in good heart, and they have leading them now Marshal Villars, a cunning old fox; and under him is Marshal Boufflers, who makes up for a lack of brains by a great *élan* and an uncanny instinct for knowing just where the weak spots are in his enemy's line. But they will be no match for our Duke. There has never in all our history been so great a general or, I think, so great a man. Great generals are often called great butchers. No one but a fool in his folly and his malice could so call the Duke. His thoughts are always for his men. He sends no man where he is not ready to go himself. In the midst of battle he is superb, sublime. And he is always in the midst; always where the fighting is hottest. He bears a charmed life. Or perhaps the great hand of God is over him. I have seen four horses shot under him in less than an hour and he unscathed. I have seen, and this was at Oudenarde, an officer (he was Colonel Sir Percy Spence) riding beside him fall, his breast shattered by a ball; and a bare minute later Lord Henry Beltinge, riding on his other side, tumble from his horse, his face shot away. And the Duke, save for their blood, untouched. How can one account for these things save by miracle? The love of God. But I like to think that it is another love which protects him: his wife's. They are great lovers still, although married these thirty years. Letters constantly pass between them and they are his greatest treasure. He keeps them in a strong-box. I have come upon him (for sometimes he has sent for me, as his first aide, and then forgotten the summons). I have come upon him, sitting on the little folding stool he uses in his tent when in the field, one of her letters in his hand, his face rapt and transfigured. And he has not heard me come in and I have gone away quietly and returned later.

My Dear, Dear Heart, I tell you these things because I know that we, too, will be great and faithful lovers. If only I could tell you how much I look forward to our meeting. My heart aches for you and my lips hunger for your kisses. How long? you asked in your dear letter. If only I knew. You say (and I know the words by heart, as, indeed, I know the whole letter): "Will you be home for my twenty-first birthday? If only I could count upon that I think that never again would I ask anything of fortune." If only I could! But there will be no leave now until after the next engagement with the French. But this I can tell you: the Duke has promised me I shall be the first courier to be sent off with despatches after the battle, and you may be sure I shall burn the ground under my horses' hoofs. But we do not expect to join battle till perhaps late in September. Prince Eugène, with his Austrians, is not yet ready and there has been much sickness in his ranks this summer and, indeed, in ours, a sort of fever which drains away all one's strength. Fortunately it lasts less than a week, and fortunately, too, the French have been as afflicted with it as ourselves, else disaster might have come upon us as swiftly as death fell upon Pompeii of old; for at one time in July, for about ten days, we had twenty thousand down with this deadly thing, and half as many again but just getting on their legs; and had the French been able to attack they would have gone through us like fire through a ripe cornfield.

But now we have scarcely a sick man and are all in good heart and eager to get to grips and bring this war to an end. Oh! how I long for an end to all this killing. All I want is to be with you. I can think of nothing but you. I see you in everything. Your image is constantly in my inward eye, your dear, sweet laughter in my inward ear. Do not be afraid. Nothing can harm me. Soon I shall hold you in my arms and, if God is good and so wills, never again to be parted from you. And now my Dear, Dear Heart, for a little while, farewell. God have you in his keeping. I have never loved you more than I do at this moment. For ever and ever your lover, Richard Alvaney.

There was a sound of footsteps outside as Lady Mary finished the letter, and hastily thrusting it into her dress, she looked over to the door as it opened and her aunt came in.

"What have you been doing?" Mrs. Masham said.

"Why, nothing, Aunt; just thinking."

"And does thinking make one blush?"

"Perhaps."

Her aunt looked at her and smiled. "Did you think I was going to snatch his letter from you and read how much he loves you. La! I've not been spying on you; but I was once in love and lived for the hour when the post came in, and hid myself away to read the letter, his letter, over and over. We're all fools, my dear. But it's a warm and lovely folly. Make the most of it while it lasts. Was there no news fit for the common ear in his precious letter?"

"Only what everyone in London is saying, that another great battle is near."

"It may be more than near by now."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't look so frightened, child. They say the sound of cannon was heard across the Channel this morning."

"Who says that?"

"The post-boys from the coast. But you know what fellows they are for rumours. It was probably thunder. What else did Colonel Alvaney say?"

"That he wished he could be here for Tuesday but it is impossible; yet he hopes to see me before long, as the Duke has promised he shall be the first courier sent off with the despatches after the battle. Aunt Abigail?"

"Well, my dear."

"Do you think the Queen will really come?"

"Hasn't she said so? She keeps her word."

"If she can, Aunt; but—but—"

"But what?"

"They are saying she cannot put foot to ground with the gout and—and that her dropsy has taken a turn for the worse."

"Rubbish. I was with her an hour ago. Her gout is troubling her, but that is all. And if she cannot put foot to ground on Tuesday she will be carried into the ballroom in her chair. She has promised you. She will keep her promise. That doubtless is why she has insisted the ball should be held at the Palace. I hope you appreciate the honour done you."

"I do, Aunt."

"You don't look very happy about it."

"Oh! I'm so afraid for Dick. If—if—O, God! I couldn't bear it."

"Don't be so silly, child. Wait till you're called upon to bear it before you say what you can or can't do. If it comes, you'll bear it as other women do."

"O why must there always be war! What good does it do?"

"You'd better ask Dr. Sacheverell that. They say he is read in the humbug of philosophy. We have livelier and more solid things to discuss. Your dress has come. The women are waiting for you. I have never seen anything so lovely. It is worthy of the giver."

"How generous she is. If only I could be sure she would be there?"

"She came at midnight to Dr. Arbuthnot's lodgings in the Palace to attend my wedding. She was in great pain and could walk only with two sticks. But she came. She had promised to be there. She keeps her promise. She will be there to grace your ball on Tuesday."

And the Queen was there, as she had promised. The great ballroom of St. James's Palace that night was a spectacle that caught the breath and quickened the heart with wonder. The Queen sat upright in her chair on the dais, under the great gold coat-of-arms, draped with the flag of the Union. Mrs. Masham stood beside her, although there was a chair and the Queen had given her leave to sit. They occasionally exchanged a few words. Upon the face of neither was there any sign of appreciation of the picture made by that brilliant gathering. Yet it was a scene of enchantment that many there long remembered; a scene of vivid colours and dazzling lights; of beautiful bejewelled women moving slowly and languorously through the warm, heavily scented air like the gaudy moths and shimmering fireflies in a tropical garden; of men who, in their magnificent uniforms or in the gorgeous fashions of the time, almost outshone the women in rich display.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the Queen's equerry, gossip Peter Wentworth, came in and engaged her in conversation. It was plain to all the eyes covertly and furtively directed towards the dais that what Wentworth was saying was both exciting and angering the Queen; and presently, when Mrs. Masham and the equerry helped her to her feet and supported her as she made her slow and painful way, the great room, as the door closed behind the three, was filled with the susurrus of whispered speculation.

Waiting for the Queen in an ante-room was a courier with despatches from the Duke of Marlborough. The Queen said to him angrily: "Why did you not bring these to me at once?"

"They were addressed to Lord Godolphin, your Majesty."

"Lord Godolphin is my Lord Treasurer," the Queen snapped; "I am England."

"And Scotland too, Ma'am," the courier said boldly.

The quip amused the Queen, for the Union was very dear to her heart. She laughed and her anger vanished. She dismissed the courier and settled herself to read through the long despatch.

Twenty minutes later she returned to the ballroom, the despatch in her hand. The band stopped playing. The dancers stood still. There was a complete silence, broken only by the clop, clop of the Queen's stick as she made her slow way to the dais, supported by Mrs. Masham and Peter Wentworth. And when she came to her chair and the clop of her



"COCKTAILS" OF THE 17th CENTURY: A PRELUDE TO THE FEAST,
BY JAN VAN DE VELDE (c. 1620-1662).

This Dutch Still Life painting presents a civilised and well-selected prelude to a feast. A glass of wine, white grapes, nuts and a peeled lemon suggest the seventeenth-century variant of the cocktails and little *bouchées* with which we regale guests before sitting down to dine. It was included in the Exhibition of Dutch Pictures at the Royal Academy.

Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. Eugene Slatter.



"SNOWY WEATHER"; BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-1872), A PAINTER WHO SAILED TO THE NEW WORLD AND SETTLED IN CANADA.



"DEEP SNOW, QUEBEC, 1857": BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-1872), WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH CANADA AND FOUND SUBJECTS FOR HIS PICTURES THERE.

CANADA'S FAVOURITE "OLD MASTER": LIFE IN QUEBEC A HUNDRED YEARS AGO BY A PIONEER PAINTER.

Cornelius Krieghoff may be regarded as the pioneer painter of Quebec, for he shares with Paul Kane the distinction of being the first professional artist to make a livelihood by painting Canadian pictures. Kane depicted the North

American Indian, and Krieghoff recorded life in Quebec. His paintings are eagerly sought after to-day and, indeed, he may be called Canada's favourite "Old Master." His works command high prices.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Laing Galleries, Toronto.



"BILKING THE TOLL": BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-1872), THE FIRST ARTIST TO RECORD ASPECTS OF LIFE IN OLD-TIME FRENCH CANADA.



"THE HUNTER'S RETURN": BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-1872), WHOSE CANVASES PROVIDE A RECORD OF LIFE IN QUEBEC.

CANADA'S FAVOURITE "OLD MASTER": LIFE IN QUEBEC A HUNDRED YEARS AGO RECORDED WITH MID-VICTORIAN LOVE OF DETAIL.

The painter Cornelius Krieghoff was educated in Bavaria and Holland, and then sailed to the New World and settled in Canada, spending eleven years in Quebec, and some six or eight in Montreal. He painted every aspect of social and sporting

life in French Canada as he saw it, recording everything with mid-Victorian love of detail, and thus his paintings have immense documentary interest, and form indeed a much-prized record of conditions in his day in Canada.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Laing Galleries, Toronto.



WINTER SPORTS IN JOVIAL LATE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLANDERS, BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE YOUNGER (1564-1638).

The winter sports of late sixteenth-century Flanders as recorded meticulously in this landscape of a winter scene by Pieter Brueghel, the Younger (1564-1638), are just as jolly as those which we pursue to-day when there is a hard, frosty spell; and in some respects they are similar, though to young enthusiasts of the present day the term "winter sports" means pre-eminently skiing and tobogganning, which are obviously not characteristic pursuits of the Low Countries, with their extensive plains. Some of the men in the painting are enjoying a Bonspiel, or curling match, to which they bring that grave and determined attention which this sport, so beloved by

the Scottish, often induces in its addicts. Others are skating, also with a serious air about them, though some of the boys have not yet achieved complete balance and poise, and ice-golf is also in progress. No women are taking part in the fun, although one has brought her little girl with her on to the ice; and children are having a grand time. Some are whipping toys, others are sliding, and one rot in a miniature sledge is propelling herself along. The contraption which gives its name to the painting, "The Bird Trap," is in the right-hand corner; but the composition of the landscape, showing a typically happy Flemish village, was what interested the painter. Exhibited at Eugen Slatter's Gallery in 1945.

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. G. N. Charrington.



YOUTHFUL OCCUPATIONS: "THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS";
BY NICOLAES MAES (1634-1693).

Dutch housewives have always been proverbially houseproud, efficient and orderly to a fault. This little girl, daughter of a wealthy Burgher family, is being trained up in the way that she should go. The painting, "A Girl Sewing," by Nicolaes Maes, a pupil of Rembrandt, was on view at the Exhibition of Dutch Pictures, 1450-1750, at the Royal Academy, 1952-53.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Earl of Ellesmere.



YOUTHFUL OCCUPATIONS: "THE YOUNG GREENGROCER",
BY CORNELIS BEGA (1620-1664).

This enchanting picture of a prim but wide-awake little seventeenth-century Dutch working girl, waiting for customers in a greengrocer's shop, was on view in the Exhibition of Dutch Pictures, 1450-1750. Cornelis Bega, who painted it, was a pupil of Adriaen van Ostade, and worked mainly in Haarlem, once visiting Italy. The painting, on panel, is signed and dated C. Bega 1649.

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Percy B. Meyer.



A STILL LIFE, BY ABRAHAM VAN BEYEREN (1620/1-1690).

The opulent disorder of this assembly of delicacies, the lobster, white grapes, wine in a goblet and a pale golden lemon, has been combined by the art of Abraham van Beyeren into a beautifully-balanced Still Life. The painting was on view at the Exhibition of Dutch Pictures, 1450-1750, at the Royal Academy.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum.

LADY MARY COMES OF AGE—Continued from page 22

stick ceased, the silence was so intense that it quickly became unbearable, breaking down control, so that here and there in the great room one heard sudden nervous coughs, the uneasy shuffle of movement, and once or twice faint laughs that broke hysterically and were quickly stifled.

The Queen did not sit down. She stood there, looking contemplatively over the great concourse, as if she were marshalling her thoughts. She sent Mrs. Masham to bring Lady Mary over to her, and when she came and curtsied the Queen said: "I have here despatches from the Duke of Marlborough." She paused a moment as she saw Lady Mary's face whiten and her hand go up to her breast. And then she said, very quietly, "I am going to give some of the news I have received to your guests. They have a right to know. You will stand here by me, child, and you will remember that you are a soldier's daughter." Again she paused, and then, regarding the young girl's face fixedly, she said: "The courier, my child, was not Colonel Alvaney."

She turned her eyes away from Lady Mary's face and once more let her slow, contemplative gaze move over that great gathering, now all as still as painted figures in a vast canvas. The gods who had been so niggardly to this stout, dumpy woman, with her round, plain face and quiet smile, had yet granted her one supreme gift: a voice rich, mellifluous, musical; a queenly voice; and she used it regally. With her first slowly-spoken words she held her listeners entranced, not only by the excitement of her news but by the beauty of her voice.

Only now and then did she read from the despatches in her hand; most of the time they hung limply from her fingers while she told the story of the Battle of Malplaquet, fought but two days previously, and

Colonel Richard Alvaney limped to the dais, bowed, straightened himself, and said: "Despatches from the Duke of Marlborough, your Majesty."

The Queen smiled and glanced from him to the papers in her hand: "So soon on the heels of these. We did not know the Duke of Marlborough was so fond of writing. We understood he would rather fight ten battles than write a despatch. But not, we also understand, a letter to the Duchess. What is there in your despatches, Colonel, that is not here?" shaking her papers, "except, no doubt, that you are alive and not wounded and missing, believed dead."

"I bring, Ma'am, the full list of killed, wounded and missing, as known up to this morning at three o'clock."

"You lost no time. But they must wait. And were you not wounded? Come, don't be bashful. We are all ears."

"There is little to tell, Ma'am. I was struck a glancing blow on the temple by a musket ball." His hand went up to his forehead and he smiled. "The mud hides it. I was stunned, and when I recovered my wits I had been made a prisoner. I escaped just before midnight on the twelfth and made my way to the English lines, where I found the Duke still awake in his tent, the list of the dead and wounded before him, his face stained with tears. He told me the courier had left at six that morning with the despatches for London."

"Addressed to Lord Godolphin."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Go on."

"And that my name was among those listed as wounded and missing,



But Lady Mary was no longer listening. She stood very still beside the Queen, her face white, her hands clenched. . . . Suddenly from outside the ballroom there was a clatter and the sound of raised, angry voices; the great doors were thrust open . . .

levying in killed and wounded, although this was not yet known, a bloody toll on both sides, but far heavier on the victors than on the vanquished.

Once when she read from the despatches she mentioned famous regiments which had lost heavily and named some of the men who were known to be killed or wounded or missing. Some bore famous names known to many of those there in the ballroom; and presently the Queen's voice was again and again interrupted by quickly stifled cries and sobs. "Of my three aides," she read, "Colonel Richard Alvaney was seen to fall late in the engagement and is missing." She omitted the words "believed dead," and went on: "Captain Sir Harry Vane was killed by a ball early in the battle; only Captain Lord Henry Percy came through unscathed, save for a slight sabre wound. Of the 3rd Buffs, Colonel Sir Arthur Blakeney was killed by a musket ball and other officers known to be dead are—"

But Lady Mary was no longer listening. She stood very still beside the Queen, her face white, her hands clenched, all her strength and fortitude summoned to enable her to endure this ordeal.

The slow, level, beautiful voice went on. Suddenly from outside the ballroom there was a clatter and the sound of raised, angry voices; the great doors were thrust open; and there strode in an amazing figure: a man in a soaked and mud-splashed uniform; his head bare; his face mud-bespattered and unrecognisable. But one there recognised it and, forgetting everything, cried out his name in a voice of unbearable joy that broke in a sob.

believed dead. I asked him—it was then three o'clock—if I could take the second despatch with the full list and start at once. He agreed and I set off. I hoped, by travelling without rest and at the utmost speed, to reach London before the first courier. I should have succeeded, but my horse cast a shoe near Faversham and I was delayed an hour. I changed horses, Ma'am, between Malplaquet and London nine times."

"You have done well, Colonel. At what time did you see Lord Godolphin?"

"I have not seen him, your Majesty. I came straight here."

Again the Queen smiled. "For love or loyalty, Colonel?"

"For both, Ma'am."

"Where is your sword?"

"I gave it to a Frenchman on the way, Ma'am. He did not take kindly to the gift."

A sword was handed to her and she said: "Kneel down, Colonel Alvaney. It is one of the few privileges left to me by the Whigs." She laid the naked blade upon his shoulder and said, smiling: "Rise, Sir Richard Alvaney." And then, turning to Lady Mary, she said: "You and Sir Richard may withdraw, my child. You have no doubt much to say to each other."

And as they bowed and moved away she raised her hand to the Master of Ceremonies and sat down slowly and painfully in her chair, as the music started and the dancers broke from their stillness into sudden movement, as if an enchanter's spell had been lifted from them. [THE END.]

“A LINK WITH PETULENGRO”

CONCERNING QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY T. H. WHITE,

Author of “*The Sword in the Stone*,” “*The Ill-Made Knight*,” “*The Scandalmonger*” etc.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A.

ON December 25, 1836, a determined little armful of femininity, aged seventeen, had her breakfast at nine o'clock. She usually woke up half-an-hour or an hour before she got out of bed, and took thirty minutes to dress, so we may assume that those bright eyes opened on that rather distant Christmas morning at about 7.30. This was a bit late, for her. The reason was, that she had “stayed up” on Christmas Eve until eleven o'clock.

After breakfast she, with her mother and her governess, read morning prayers. Then she arranged her new drawings.

In the early days of the nineteenth century people did not give each other their presents on Christmas Day. They gave them on Christmas Eve, and with a different ritual from our modern one. The Christmas trees were invented already, but, instead of stockings there were “tables.” In all the rooms of the big country house inhabited by our heroine, which was near Esher, on the Portsmouth Road, there had been a bustle on December 24, as the tables had been arranged with secrecy and excitement: one for Mamma, one for the governess and one for the busy maiden. At precisely six o'clock on the eve of the festival, Mamma had summoned everybody to visit their tables in the gallery and to collect their presents.

It had been pretty in the snowy evening, with the two lighted fir-trees, hung with sugar ornaments, and the tables groaning with small gifts.

On the girl's table there had been, so her Diary tells us, “2 lovely little Dresden china figures, 2 pair of lovely little chased gold buttons, a small lovely button with an angel's head which she [the governess] used to wear herself, and a pretty music book.” All these were from the governess.

Her mother had given her “a beautiful massive gold buckle in the shape of two serpents; a lovely little delicate gold chain with a turquoise-clasp; a lovely coloured sketch of dearest Aunt Louise by Partridge, copied from the picture he brought, and so like her; 3 beautiful drawings by Munn, one lovely sea view by Purser, and one beautiful cattle piece by Cooper (all coloured), 3 prints, a book called *Finden's Tableaux, Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1837*; both these very pretty; *Friendship's Offering*, and *The English Annual for 1837*, *The Holy Land*, illustrated beautifully, two handkerchiefs, a very pretty black satin apron trimmed with red velvet, and two almanacks.”

It was because of all these excitements that she had stayed up late, and risen late on Christmas Day, and it was these brand-new drawings which she was arranging after morning prayers.

The mansion in which she was arranging them had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh and bought by the Duke of Newcastle. Later, it had belonged to the famous Lord Clive. William Kent and Capability Brown had laid out its estate—now broken up for building—and, on the morning in question, the castellated prospect tower which stood on a mount near the house was lusted with icicles like a chandelier.

In a shallow dingle outside the park on the Portsmouth Road there was a gipsy camp.

Looking like the very tattered hood of a disreputable double perambulator, and surrounded with the usual mysterious litter of the Romanies—old bottles, bits of metal, cast-off clothing and pieces of cloth tied in the hedgerows, presumably as secret signs to later comers—the single tent stood in the Surrey landscape like a drunk tramp at a white wedding.

For it was still snowing. It had been a bitter night and it was a bitter morning. In the blanched, gelid, crunching cleanliness, the grubby and threadbare untidiness of the tarpaulin and bent sticks looked sinister. The fresh snow and the squalor of odds-and-ends were at a contrast.

Outside the tent, squatting on his hunkers, was Mr. Cooper, the paterfamilias of the tribe, who was doing something obscure in the vicinity of the wood fire. The blue smoke went up straight, into the *poilu* sky. Perhaps he was skinning a poached hare; perhaps he was mending a kettle; perhaps he was whittling a stick with which to thrash his wife or his grandmother; perhaps he was making a trap or a roasting-spit or



It had been pretty in the snowy evening, with the two lighted fir-trees, hung with sugar ornaments, and the tables groaning with small gifts.

something tricky to do with horses. A melancholy but likely-looking gelding, with fired legs, stood in the offing. The swift, furtive, efficient, secret movements of Mr. Cooper made it impossible to determine what he was at. He was a spare, thinly clad, lithe specimen, with flashing teeth, and he had a peacock feather in his hat.

Aunt Sarah, squatting opposite the head of the household, was smoking twist in a broken clay pipe, while she querulously complained about the frost. She wore a poke bonnet.

Outside the low entrance of the tent, which looked not unlike a diminutive Nissen hut constructed out of broken umbrellas, there stood a creature of pure wonder. She was wearing a straw hat, such as harvesters used to wear in the days of Rowlandson, a plaid shawl, a skirt, and little else. Amber-coloured, dark-haired, nut-eyed, slender, round, straight, strong, soft, smooth, twenty years old, with classic features, all fire, she stood erect at the tent mouth, with a baby at her neat, bare breast. The baby's eyes, like prunes, slipped vaguely about the universe in a fat, brown face, meditating milk. They were soup-coloured searchlights, out of focus.

A greyhound, with head and tail drooping in the beautiful yet hang-dog sickle of its variety, stood shivering in the snow, with slim, grim jaws pondering rabbits.

Who were these people? In 1836, George Borrow was selling the Bible in Spain. Jasper Petulengro's father and mother had been transported, *bitchadey parodel*, and were dead, while Jasper himself must have been nearing forty. Perhaps the Coopers were related to the mother-in-law of Borrow's Pharaoh, to that fearsome old lady whose battle-cry was, “My name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones!” At all events, since most gipsies of the period knew each other, they may have been personally acquainted with many of the characters in “*Lavengro*.” They might have met the Flaming Tinman himself, and might even have been intimidated by Isobel Berners, who had once been taught to conjugate “I love” in Armenian.

At the moment they were dealing in higher game than even the Pharaoh had aspired to—though it has to be admitted that the latter, in old age, was rumoured, in *Wild Wales*, to have been made a Justice of the Peace and Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park.

The official story of the family, as it had been presented to our heroine, was that the bronzed Venus with the baby was Mrs. Cooper, that she had given birth to this infant about three weeks ago in the encampment, and that all were desperately in need of fuel and nourishment. Mr. Cooper and family were making a point of not knowing who was the tenant of the house near which they had settled down, and, to be candid, the real tenant of the house, our heroine, was making rather a point of not knowing who she was likely to be herself.

It must have been with many Borrowian cries of "Shoon, thimble-engro, avella gorgio" ["Listen, thimble-rigger, here comes a non-gipsy"] or of "Dosta, tiny tawny" ["Enough, little one"] or of *morts, mards and mumpings* [women, husbands and vagabonds] that the watchful dependants of Mr. Cooper cautioned one another to readiness as a reluctant procession arrived upon the scene.

Three footmen in full livery, in scarlet coats, gold lace, buckskin breeches and trembling calves, minced disdainfully and miserably through the snow. They bore with them, like the three Wise Men of Orient, gifts of fuel, soup and covering. They were Cockneys, and they thought that they knew all about Mr. Cooper: their silk stockings were not only soaked but also frozen: they dumped the hateful presents without ceremony, and withdrew, stepping high because of the snow, with various Sam-Weller-like remarks, in which the "v" was substituted for the "w."

If there was tension in the gipsy camp there was an equal excitement at the Great House.

What, what was the right thing to do with vagabonds? The Governess said that it was very wrong indeed to encourage people who would not work for themselves. It was, she said, *to encourage destitution*. The more you gave to weak people, because they were weak, the more you encouraged them to be helpless. She was an enduring, bony woman, with an aquiline or ant-eater nose and a faithful heart. All the time that she was saying this, she was looking through an old portmanteau in which she believed that there was a worsted knit jacket which would do for the baby.

Mamma said "Yes," but in her station it was one's duty to assist the poor. The question was, how much? She was only too willing to send blankets, but how many blankets? How many blankets did one have on a bed?

Our heroine suggested "Eight?"

"No, no, there are never more than four."

"What is a blanket?"

"It is the hairy one on the top, I believe, instead of the counterpane."

"But then; there is only one?"

"My love, I do not know how many there are. Perhaps only one."

"It would have to be washed?"

"Then two," said our heroine. "One to use and one to wash. Would that be encouraging the poor?"

Nobody seemed to know anything about this.

"Two," she said.

Her rather blowsy mother explained defensively: "I have sent soup and fuel, dear. I am sure Sir John would have told us what to do."

It was now two o'clock, and it was time for the expedition to set forth. There were in the carriage: our heroine; her half-sister, Victoire, and the Governess. The broth and the fuel and two blankets—which now seemed to these innocent creatures exactly the right number—had been ordered in advance. The Governess had found the worsted jacket. Our heroine held, clutched in a plump, chilly paw, the sum of one guinea. It might have been one penny for all that she could distinguish between the coins of the realm.

The Coopers were ready for their visitors.

As the high wheels of the carriage crunched into the snow of the camp, the patriarchal troop, like a tableau of Bethlehem, turned out.

Mr. Cooper, with many cringings, let down the step of the carriage.

He said: "Great health to you, kind lady."

Our heroine, who was direct, began with:

"How is the baby?"

"The chabo is doing well, high maiden."

"And how is the mother?"

"By your kindness, Princess of Beauty, the mother is well also."

The two groups confronted each other, as the Kings of the East had confronted the maternal scene in a manger, and there was, even in the present scene, a sort of awe on both sides. From the view-point of the nomad mother, there was real awe for the greatness of her visitors, combined with a defiance, a wild, defensive den-feeling, as of the tigress with her cub. This was combined with the cunning of the vixen and with the beauty of Egypt—the beauty of a royal lady whom Antony had once addressed by her title as "Egypt." There was also the pride of motherhood.

It was for this motherhood that our heroine, on her part, felt awe and envy, a touch of hero-worship. To be so beautiful, so brown, so brave, so free, so fulfilled with mystery! She was well aware of her own importance, though she would not admit it, yet here was an importance of a different sort, higher at present than her maiden one. She looked upon the gipsy *mort* with a timidity and tender respect and longing. She held out a finger toward the baby.

With a gesture which was at once saucy and bashful, the mother turned back her shawl still further to offer the small starfish of a hand, which closed upon the finger. The baby's mouth began to bubble. Mr. Cooper watched disdainfully, while the ladies cooed. Women, he thought: the *gorgios* were worse than his own!

But the expedition had come with a second object, apart from baby-worship. The three ladies in the carriage had been frequently assured by Sir John Conroy that fortune-telling was flummery. They had agreed respectfully that it was not only flummery, but also wicked, since it had been expressly forbidden in the Bible. And yes, they knew quite well



Outside the tent, squatting on his hunkers, was Mr. Cooper, the paterfamilias of the tribe. . . . Outside the low entrance of the tent . . . there stood a creature of pure wonder . . . with a baby at her neat, bare breast.

that the whole business was nonsense. So, being feminine, they had come to have their fortunes told, and had agreed to keep it a secret, particularly from Sir John.

The last of them to show her hand was our heroine. With what conjectures, with what trepidation, with what secret hopes and yet with what imperious decision she held it out! It was ringless, white, smooth, short-fingered, tapered, with dimples instead of knuckles.

Mr. Cooper's *chie*, the Venus of this yuletide scene, had of course been schooled by Mr. Cooper with the exact words of her royal prophecy, her *dukkeripen*. All hoped for at least a *bull* [five shillings].

But some flash had passed between the eyes of the two young ones—the mother and the maiden—some electricity of recognition and affection, by which each one loved the other, and respected her heart's hopes, and knew why. With a clash of bangles, without disturbing the baby in the shawl, with a sweep of the tattered skirt and a swift, controlled obeisance, the dimpled hand was first pressed to the Brow of Egypt, and then the brow itself, with exquisite grace, had sunk to the level of the carriage step, where it rested in a moment of homage upon the cross-gartered, satin slipper of the virgin blanket-bearer.

No word was spoken. The moment was held for one heart-beat. Then all, as if by one accord, unfroze themselves. The Venus rose, the warm guinea was pressed into the starfish hand, which clutched it,

muslin cover over pink, and all my silver things standing on it with a fine new looking-glass"); the colours and the music and the aspirations of a *débutante* may have whirled together briefly through the shining head, in its tight curl-papers. She may have thought of her mother's "dear little paroquet of a green colour with a pale brown head, and so very tame that Mamma took it on her finger and it would hardly leave her. It is not so remarkable for its fine plumage than for its great tameness. It talks also, the man says."

If she thought of the paroquet, she would have thought also of her own "most delightful *Lory*, which is so tame that it remains on your hand, and you may put your finger into its beak, or do anything with it, without its even attempting to bite." It was "larger than Mamma's grey parrot, and has a most beautiful plumage; it is scarlet, blue, brown, yellow and purple."

If it was in the form of music that her dreams came upon her, it will have been the music of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and others of the Italian school admired by her adored music-master, Lablache—whose volubility of tongue was wonderful; "he can sing such quantities of words and at such a rate!" She was genuinely fond of music, though with no great taste in it. Handel, for instance, she found "very heavy and tiresome."

But if she sank into dreams with gentle thoughts of the affections, who can say what the dreams would be at seventeen? Perhaps they



... without disturbing the baby in the shawl . . . the dimpled hand was first pressed to the Brow of Egypt, and then the brow itself . . . had sunk to the level of the carriage step, where it rested in a moment of homage . . .

Mr. Cooper swept off his peacock hat, and the coachman, without instructions, whipped up his shining, steaming, clinking horses through the snow.

That Christmas evening, before she went to bed, our seventeen-year-old sister of charity remembered to write her diary. "I cannot say how happy I am," she wrote, "that these poor creatures are assisted, for they are such a nice set of Gipsies, so quiet, so affectionate to one another, so discreet, not at all forward or importunate, and so grateful; so unlike the gossiping, fortune-telling race-gipsies; and this is such a peculiar and touching case. Their being assisted makes me quite merry and happy to-day, for yesterday night when I was safe and happy at home in that cold night and to-day when it snowed so and everything looked white, I felt quite unhappy and grieved to think that our poor gipsy friends should perish and shiver for want; and now to-day I shall go to bed happy, knowing they are better off and more comfortable . . ."

She did go to bed, in quite a glow of achievement, and, as usual, was asleep almost before her head had touched the pillow. It was only at St. Leonard's-on-Sea that she used to sleep badly, on account of the moaning of the sea. But before she dozed away in her snug nest, by the cosy, saffron light of the coal fire which shone on the toilet table ("white

were of her precious governess, her "best and truest friend," whom she had known "for nearly seventeen years and I trust I shall have for thirty or forty and *many* more!" Perhaps they were of M. Lablache himself, that nice, good-natured, good-humoured, patient and excellent master, who was "so merry too." Perhaps they were of her various cousins, whom she might have been expected to marry. "Dearly as I love Ferdinand, and also good Augustus, I love Ernest and Albert *more* than them, oh yes, *MUCH more*." It is as likely that her last thoughts may have been for her pony *Rosa* ("SWEET LITTLE ROSY went BEAUTIFULLY!"), or for her King Charles's spaniel, darling *Dashy*. Most likely of all, her dreams may have been of the gipsies, her own gipsies, "to my feeling, the chief ornament of the Portsmouth Road . . . they are happy and grateful and we have done them some good. The place and spot may be forgotten, but the gipsy family Cooper will *never* be obliterated from my memory!"

They never were. In later life she was always partial to the Romanies, as witness the rumour that she had made Petulengro the Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park. Nor was the *dukkerin* of that dusky sybil who had kissed her hand at all a bad one. It was only three months after this happy and exciting Christmas in 1836 that the Archbishop of Canterbury woke our armful up at six o'clock in the morning, to tell her that she was Queen Victoria.

THE END.



ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINT, THE YOUNG CHAMPION OF CHRISTENDOM:
"ST. GEORGE" BY DONATELLO.

This superb marble statue of Saint George, the Patron Saint of England, and Young Champion of Christendom, dates from 1416; and is an example of the art of Donatello (c. 1386-1466), the Italian sculptor. It was one of the statues of saints for the exterior canopied niches on the façade of the Or San Michele, or, more properly, the Church

of San Michele in Orto, Florence, which were commissioned from great sculptors by the Guilds of Florence. The original St. George, admirably conceived for its architectural setting, is now in a Florentine Museum and a copy occupies the niche for which it was intended.

From a print by Alinari of Firenze.



A SHRINE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY AND ROMANCE WEARING WHITE FOR CHRISTMASTIDE: THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE, WITH THE RUINED CHAPEL ROYAL ON THE LEFT.

The Palace of Holyroodhouse, chief Royal palace in Scotland, is closely connected with tragic and romantic historic events. Begun in c. 1500 by James IV. and added to by James V., it bears the latter monarch's badge and that of his French Queen, Mary of Guise. Their daughter, the lovely and unlucky Mary Queen of Scots, lived there from 1561-67. It was at Holyrood that her celebrated interview with John Knox took place; Rizzio was murdered there and it was at Holyrood that Mary married Darnley in 1565, and later became the wife of Bothwell there. Cromwell occupied the palace in 1650 and restored it after a fire; and in 1745, from September 17 till October 31, Prince Charles Stuart, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," held his short-lived but gay court there. Queen Victoria occasionally

used Holyrood during her journeys, and Edward VII. stayed there in 1859, but it was only in neo-Georgian times that its glories were restored; and this year the felicitous Coronation visit of Queen Elizabeth II. to her Palace of Holyroodhouse has added pages of joyful Royal history to its chronicles. Holyrood Abbey was founded in 1128, but only the ruined nave of the Chapel Royal remains. It was there that James II. was crowned and both James III. and James IV. were married there. Charles I. was crowned at Holyrood. The present ruinous condition of the church is due to the collapse in 1768 of a too heavy stone roof which had been erected during a "restoration" in 1758. The heights of Arthur's Seat rise behind the great palace.

From the painting by Ernest Uden.



A HISTORIC ENGLISH GATEWAY ONCE NEARLY DEMOLISHED TO AFFORD PASSAGE FOR ELEPHANTS : CANTERBURY'S WEST GATE UNDER WINTER SNOW.

Canterbury has been called "the mother city of the Kingdom and the cradle of our English race"; and Geoffrey Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales" has told us how ". . . specially from every schires end of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende," and in his great verse has brought vividly before us a gallery of portraits of a group of everyday English folk of the fourteenth century as he knew them. Though the Canterbury of Chaucer was a very different place from the city as we know it to-day, remains of the ancient walls which once girdled it still stand. There survive one long stretch and some fragments of the mediæval walls of chalk faced with flint, and some 6 ft. thick. Only one gate, the West Gate, and nine turrets, still stand. The West Gate, with its white drum towers, was rebuilt in 1380

by the Chancellor—Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler's wild army of ragged rebels. The guard chamber on the archway was used as the city gaol for nearly 300 years, until 1829. The West Gate itself only escaped destruction in 1850 by one vote, the casting vote of the Mayor, when a Mr. Wombwell sent to the Corporation a formal requisition for its removal—to allow his elephants to pass through. And so the West Gate through which bands of pilgrims, State processions of prelates, heralds, knights, ladies, kings and queens walked or rode throughout the centuries, still stands. It is narrow, and traffic can by-pass it, and yet to this day cars and other vehicles can still enter the ancient city through this noble fourteenth-century gateway.

From the painting by Ernest Uden.



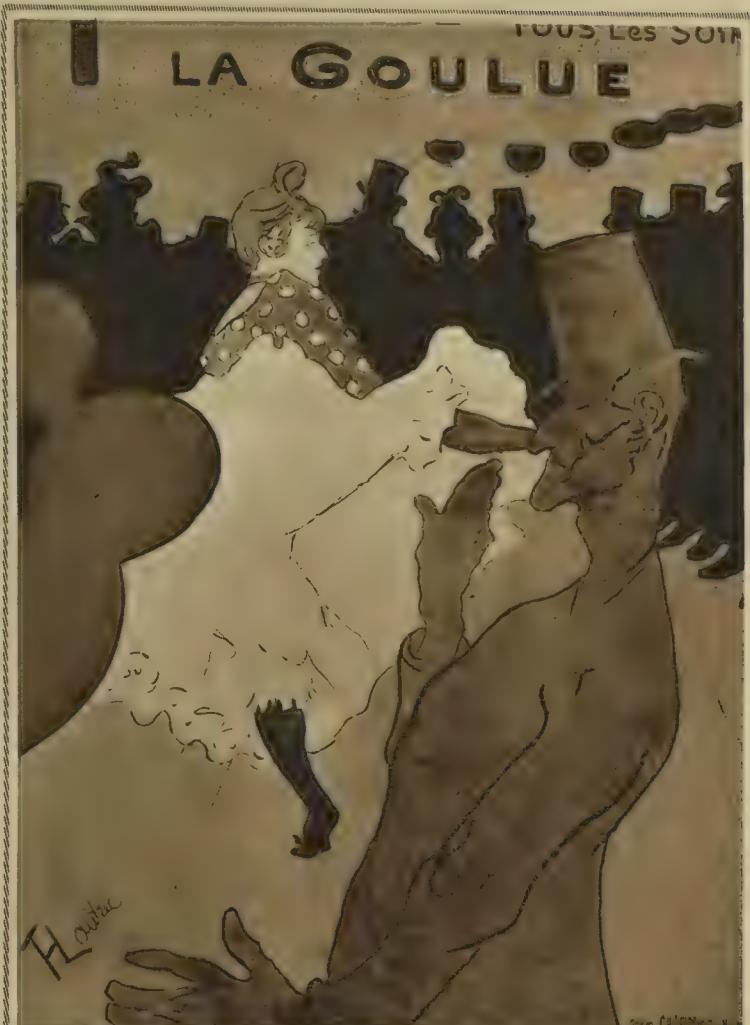
SCANDAL IN PARIS.

This painting by E. F. Montzaigle represents a little dinner *à deux* in a garden restaurant in Paris at the end of the nineteenth century. This period, often called the "Naughty 'Nineties," was the time when a week-end in Paris was the height of scandalous adventure. The French capital was the city of the can-can and the *Café Concert* as represented by the brilliant, satirical art of Toulouse-Lautrec; and the Victorians visited it with shocked enjoyment.

From the painting by E. F. Montzaigle. Reproduced by courtesy of the Owner.



LEADER OF THE FAMOUS QUADRILLE NATURALISTE OF THE MOULIN ROUGE CABARET: LOUISE WEBER, KNOWN AS LA GOULUE, 1894.



ONE OF THE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS ADVERTISING THE CELEBRATED CABARET "LA GOULUE AU MOULIN ROUGE," 1891.



"AU MOULIN ROUGE, LA DANSE, 1890": A SCENE IN TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S FAVOURITE CABARET, WHICH HE REPRESENTED INNUMERABLE TIMES. IT ACQUIRED ITS NAME IN 1889, WHEN IT WAS RECONSTRUCTED UNDER THE SIGN OF A RED MILL.

THE "GAY PAREE" OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IMMORTALISED BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: THE FAMOUS MOULIN ROUGE AND ITS DANCERS.

"There was a little man, a very ugly little man, who beneath the aspect of Caliban concealed the fantasy of Ariel.... He delighted in everything about him; though born in the Provinces he knew Paris better than the Parisians...." wrote Claude Roger-Marx of Henri-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa (1864-1901) whose genius has immortalised the "Gay Paree" of the nineteenth century, the

cabarets where British visitors watched the "Can-can" and were charmed by such artists as Yvette Guilbert and La Goulue, who, with her famous partner Valentin le Désossé was so admirably represented in the film "Moulin Rouge." On this and the following pages we reproduce examples of the art of Toulouse-Lautrec which recall the legendary delights of this—to modern minds—remote period.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec, Albi. Our selection of Toulouse-Lautrec's work was made with the help of Messrs. Knoedler.



"A GIRL IN BED": BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Reproduced by courtesy of the Home House Trustees.



"A GIRL FILLING HER BATH": BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec, Albi.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF "GAY PAREE" AS TOULOUSE-LAUTREC RECORDED IT: FRENCH BEAUTIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AT HOME.

Scenes of Parisian gaiety in the nineteenth century recorded so brilliantly by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec seem strange to modern eyes. The top-hats of the men, the chignons, black gloves and black stockings of the girls strike us as bizarre, while the domestic scenes appear so remote as to be almost legendary; yet they

are expressions of genius as well as documentary records. The girl in bed has a roguish, youthful charm; but it needs more than a second glance to observe the lissome grace of the young woman, her long hair escaping from the knot on the top of her head, who is pouring water into that strange object—a saucer bath.



"L'AMAZONE ET LE CHIEN," 1899: AN ELEGANT LADY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY RIDING SIDE-SADDLE IN THE BOIS.



"CECY LOFTUS." MARY CECILIA (CISSY) LOFTUS APPEARED AS A MIMIC ON THE PARIS STAGE IN 1895. LATER SHE TOOK TO THE LEGITIMATE STAGE.



"FEMME AU BOA NOIR," 1892: THE GALLERY OF FEMININE PORTRAITS BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC INCLUDES MANY CABARET ARTISTS.



"LA PIERREUSE, 'CASQUE D'OR,'" A BEAUTY OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY PARIS, HER PLAIN DRESS CONTRASTING WITH HER SOPHISTICATION.

THE "GAY PAREE" OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY RECORDED BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: BEAUTIES OF THE FAMOUS MOULIN ROUGE AND OF THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Toulouse-Lautrec frequented the cabarets of nineteenth-century Paris, the Moulin Rouge, with which he is always associated, being his favourite; and found many of his subjects among the singers and the dancers who were the rage in the "Gay Paree" of the period. Mary Cecilia (Cissy) Loftus, who afterwards became a Shakespearean

actress and also played the lead in "If I Were King," the play by her first husband, Justin Huntly McCarthy, had a success in Paris in 1895 as a mimic. The Toulouse-Lautrec gallery of feminine portraits also includes a number of horsewomen, riding side-saddle and top-hatted in the correct nineteenth-century style.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec, Albi. Our selection of Toulouse-Lautrec's work was made with the help of Messrs. Knoedler.



AN ENGLISH DANCER OF "GAY PAREE" OF THE "NAUGHTY 'NINETIES": MISS IDA HEATH AS TOULOUSE-LAUTREC SAW HER IN 1896.



"ATTELAGE EN TANDEM," A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S GENIUS FOR DEPICTING ANIMALS IN MOTION.



"THE WHITE HORSE." TOULOUSE-LAUTREC WAS FOND OF HORSES, AND BLOOD-STOCK AND WORK-A-DAY ANIMALS WERE BOTH AMONG HIS SUBJECTS.



AN ANIMAL PORTAIT WHICH USED TO HANG NEXT THE ARTIST'S BED IN THE CHÂTEAU OF MALROMÉ: TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S FAVOURITE HOUND.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S GIFT FOR LIVELY CARICATURE, AND HIS FINE DRAUGHTSMANSHIP: "A MAN SITTING BESIDE THE FIRE."



TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AS A BOY: HE IS ON THE LEFT HOLDING HIS FAVOURITE HOUND—WHOSE PORAIT WE REPRODUCE—IN LEASH.

THE WORLD OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, "INSPIRED GNOME" WHO IMMORTALISED "GAY PAREE" OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS FINE DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, born of an aristocratic French family, was set apart from other men by a deformity—but he was also set above them by reason of his genius. When he was less than fifteen years of age he produced a series of studies of farmyard animals and horses which are astonishing proof of his gifts. The painting of his favourite hound

which we reproduce used to hang next to his bed in his parental home, the Château de Malromé. His early work reveals his uncritical acceptance of day-to-day occupations, which remained a characteristic of his mature work. Toulouse-Lautrec recorded life as he saw it, whether on the racecourse, in the cabaret or café or in the streets of Paris.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec, Albi. Our selection of Toulouse-Lautrec's work was made with the help of Messrs. Knoedler, who own "The White Horse," "The Favourite Hound" and "The Man by the Fire."



Good mistress! hark the Elfin Waits—
Shrill ghosts of summer singers we—
Gaily we met the frosty Fates
Who set our tiny spirits free;
Now ice, nor snow,
Nor blasts that blow
Shall quench our merry minstrelsy.

"Twixt starry flood and starry sky
We spied—the smiling moon hung low;
There paced a grave magician by—
"My message bear I swift tricks, go
Where by the sea
They talk of me—
By that the friendly health ye'll know."



So tapping softly at your gates
We claim our tinkling melody.
Luck prosper all your loves and hates,
And make you half as wise as he!
Thin blasts that blow,
And floods that flow
Can waft you but felicity—



"THE ELFIN WAITS": A CHRISTMAS FANTASY OF THE 'NINETIES.

This charming water-colour fantasy and the holograph poem with it came into the possession of one of our readers among papers, drawings and poems left to him in a will. The drawing and poem are signed E.P. and are by the late Mr. E. Purcell, an Oxford Don of literary and artistic tastes who died in 1927. "The Elfin Waits" in the form in which we reproduce it here was sent by the author to a lady as a gift at Christmas, 1891. Another copy of the

verses survives in a book of manuscript poems which the author left—some of the poems being marked as having been published in "The Academy" and "The Bookman." The author is also known to have been a reviewer of books and to have corresponded with Robert Louis Stevenson and "The Elfin Waits" and its intention, near though they are in actual years, evoke an age and way of life tantalisingly, irretrievably past.



THE TALES OF UNCLE REMUS: BRER RABBIT PRETENDS TO BE DEAD AND TRICKS
BRER FOX OUT OF HIS GAME.

The feud between Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, as related by Uncle Remus, has delighted generations of children, and now the tale of their adventures has been given an English rendering, while preserving the simple charm and idiom of the old Negro's speech, by Robert Harding in the recently published "The New Uncle Remus" (The Gawthorn Press, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.). The book is fully illustrated in monochrome and colour by Mr. Neave Parker, whose animal drawings are now a feature of *The Illustrated London News*, and here and on the facing page we reproduce two of the coloured plates. Brer Wolf had been stealing Brer Rabbit's children and the latter plotted revenge and by a trick brought him to his death. As a result, Brer Fox decided that it was wiser to leave Brer Rabbit alone, and in time they became quite friendly. One day Brer Fox asked Brer Rabbit to go hunting with him, but the latter appeared to be having one of his lazy fits and declined the invitation. Towards evening Brer Rabbit went out to look for Brer Fox and saw him coming along the road with a bag full of game. Brer Rabbit lay down in the road pretending to be dead and presently up came Brer Fox and examined him, saying to himself, "He's dead, but he's mighty fat. He's the fattest rabbit I ever saw, but he's been dead too long. I'm afraid to take him home." So he went on his way, leaving the rabbit in the road. As soon as he was out of sight, Brer Rabbit jumped up and, taking a short cut through the woods, got ahead of Brer Fox and once again lay down in the road. This time when Brer Fox saw him he said: "This rabbit's going to waste. I'll just leave my game here and go back for that other rabbit." He dropped his bag and turned back up the road. When he was out of sight Brer Rabbit snatched up the game-bag and made for home. When Brer Rabbit later innocently enquired what he had caught on his expedition, Brer Fox replied: "I caught a handful of hard sense, Brer Rabbit."



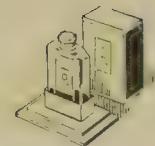
THE TALES OF UNCLE REMUS: BRER RABBIT IS THROWN INTO THE BRIAR-PATCH
AND OUTWITS BRER FOX IN THE TAR BABY EPISODE.

On the facing page we reproduce one of the Colour Plates by Mr. Neave Parker from "The New Uncle Remus," recently published by the Gawthorn Press, Ltd., which illustrates one of the later episodes in the feud between Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox. Perhaps the best known of Brer Rabbit's adventures with Brer Fox is the episode of the Tar Baby which the old Negro servant told to the little boy in two parts, ending his first tale with Brer Rabbit trapped hand and foot and at the mercy of Brer Fox. Here we show the happy dénouement to the Tar Baby episode. Brer Fox was determined to catch Brer Rabbit, and to that end made a Tar Baby from tar mixed with some turpentine which he set up in Brer Rabbit's path and then hid himself in the bushes. Presently Brer Rabbit came along and saluted the Tar Baby with a pleasant "Good morning." Of course the Tar Baby said nothing, and Brer Fox, he lay low. Getting no response to his enquiries, the belligerent rabbit attacked the Tar Baby and was soon stuck to it, unable to move. Brer Fox then sauntered forth, laughing, and announced that he was going to roast Brer Rabbit on a bramble-pile. The crafty rabbit pretended to be unmoved by this and similar threats, merely reiterating, ". . . but please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in that briar-patch!" As Brer Fox wanted to hurt his tormenter as badly as he could, and as Brer Rabbit seemed to be in mortal dread of the briar-patch, he caught him by the hind-legs and slung him right into the middle of the bushes. Brer Fox waited to see what would happen, and presently he heard Brer Rabbit calling to him from well up the hillside: "Bred and born in a briar-patch, Brer Fox! Bred and born in a briar-patch!"

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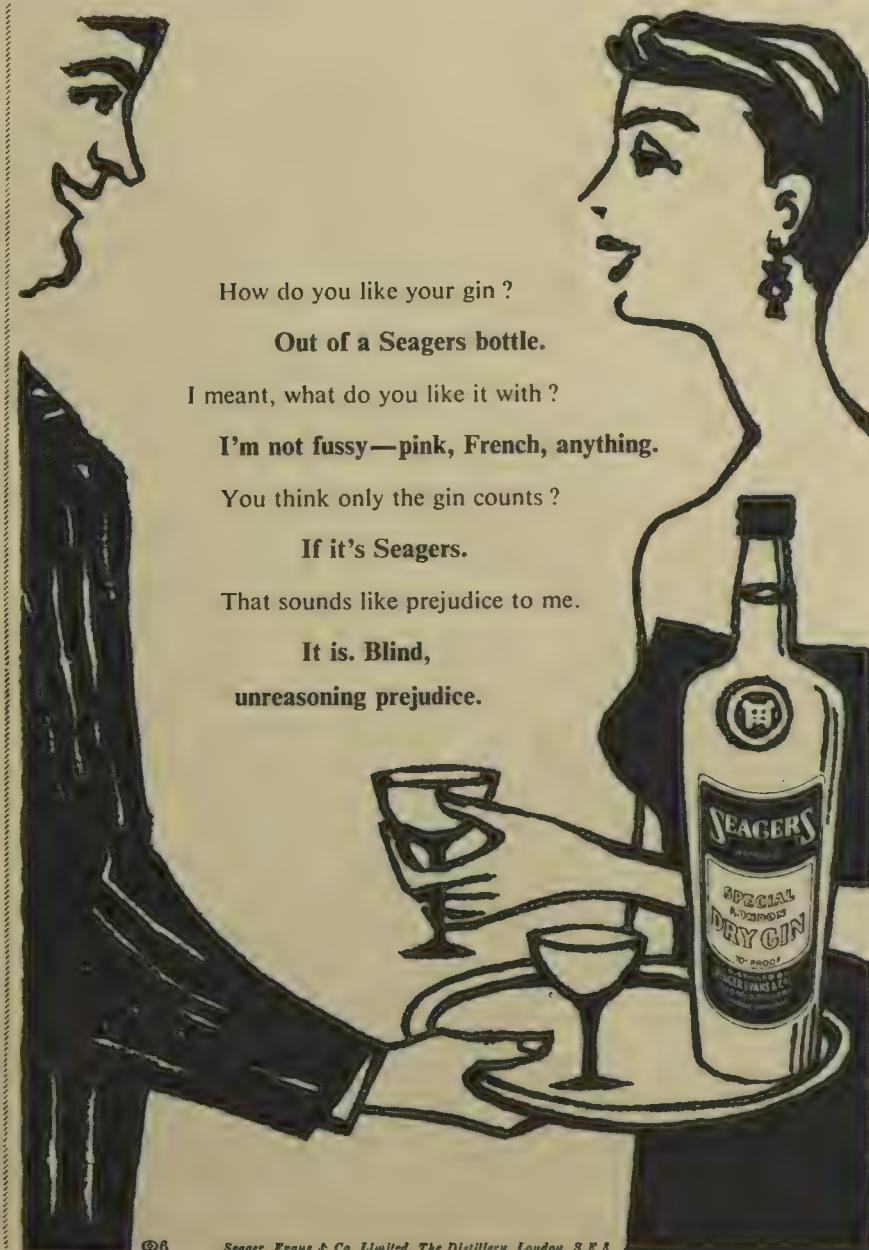
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dans tes bras?" Répondit
 IN YOUR ARMS?" REPLIED
l'arbre de Noël, "C'est le
 THE CHRISTMAS TREE, "IT IS THE
Dubonnet que Madame va
 DUBONNET WHICH MADAM IS
donner à Monsieur." "Tiens,
 GIVING TO THE MASTER..." "BLESS MY
tiens!" s'écria le gui, "je
 SOUL!" EXCLAIMED THE MISTLETOE, "I'M
serai très occupé!"
 IN FOR A BUSY TIME!"

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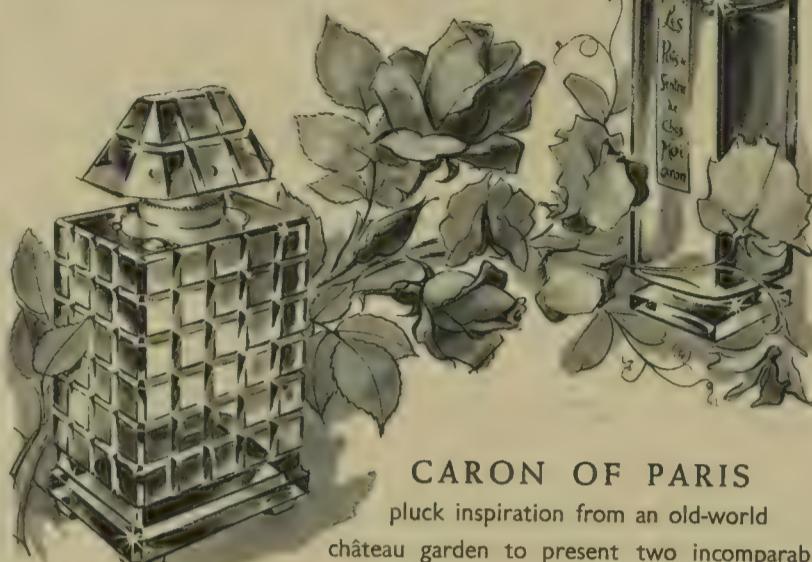
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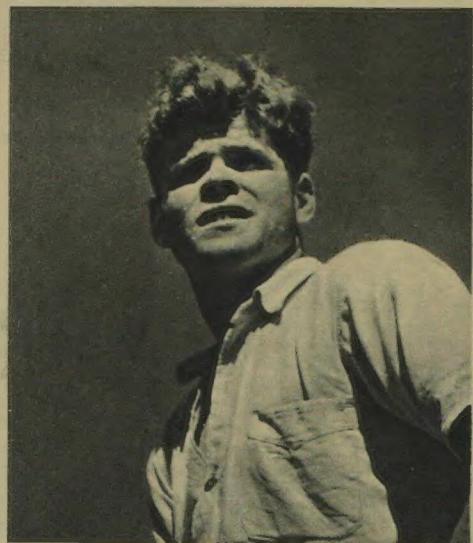


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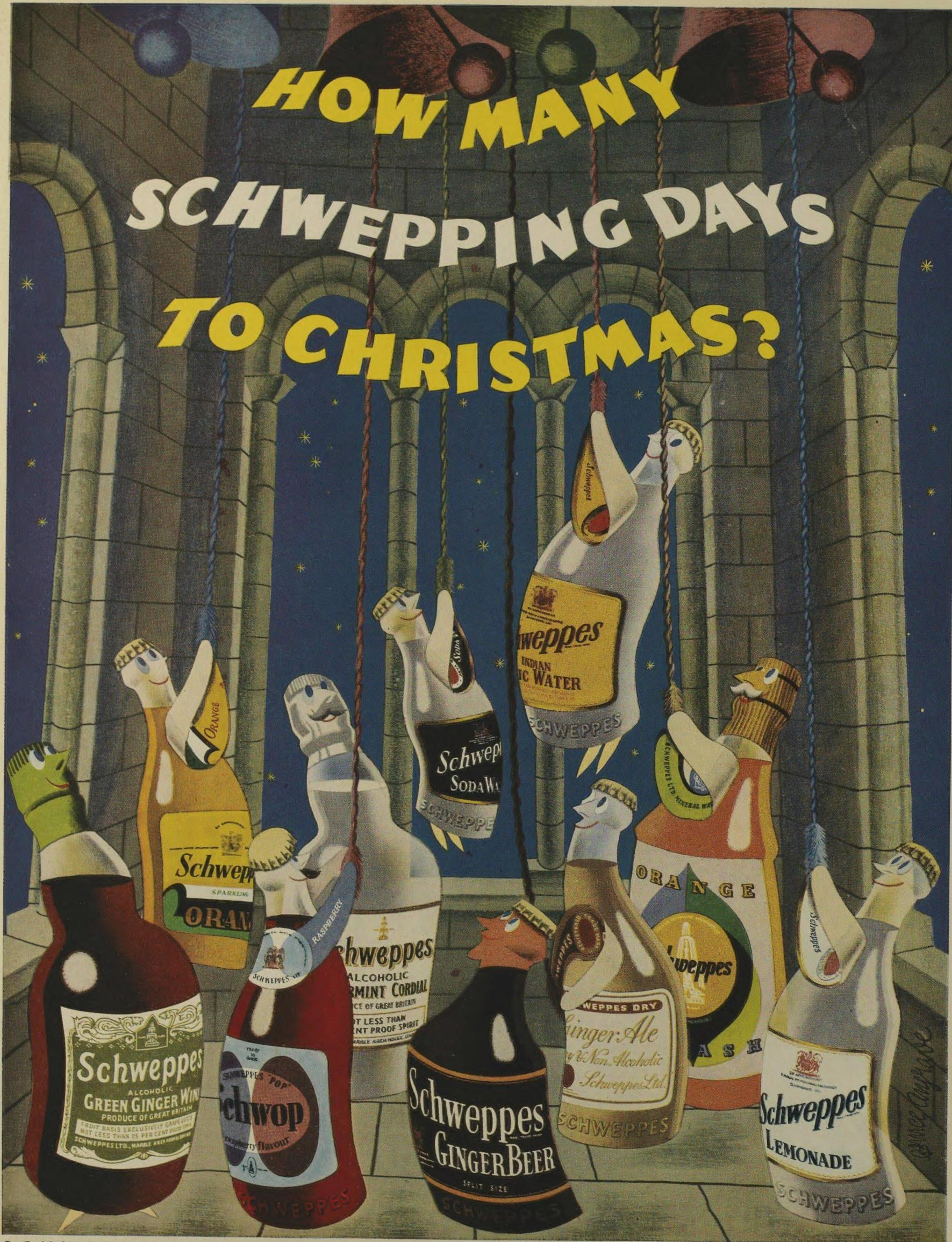
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